

BLUSHES

Issue Forty-Two

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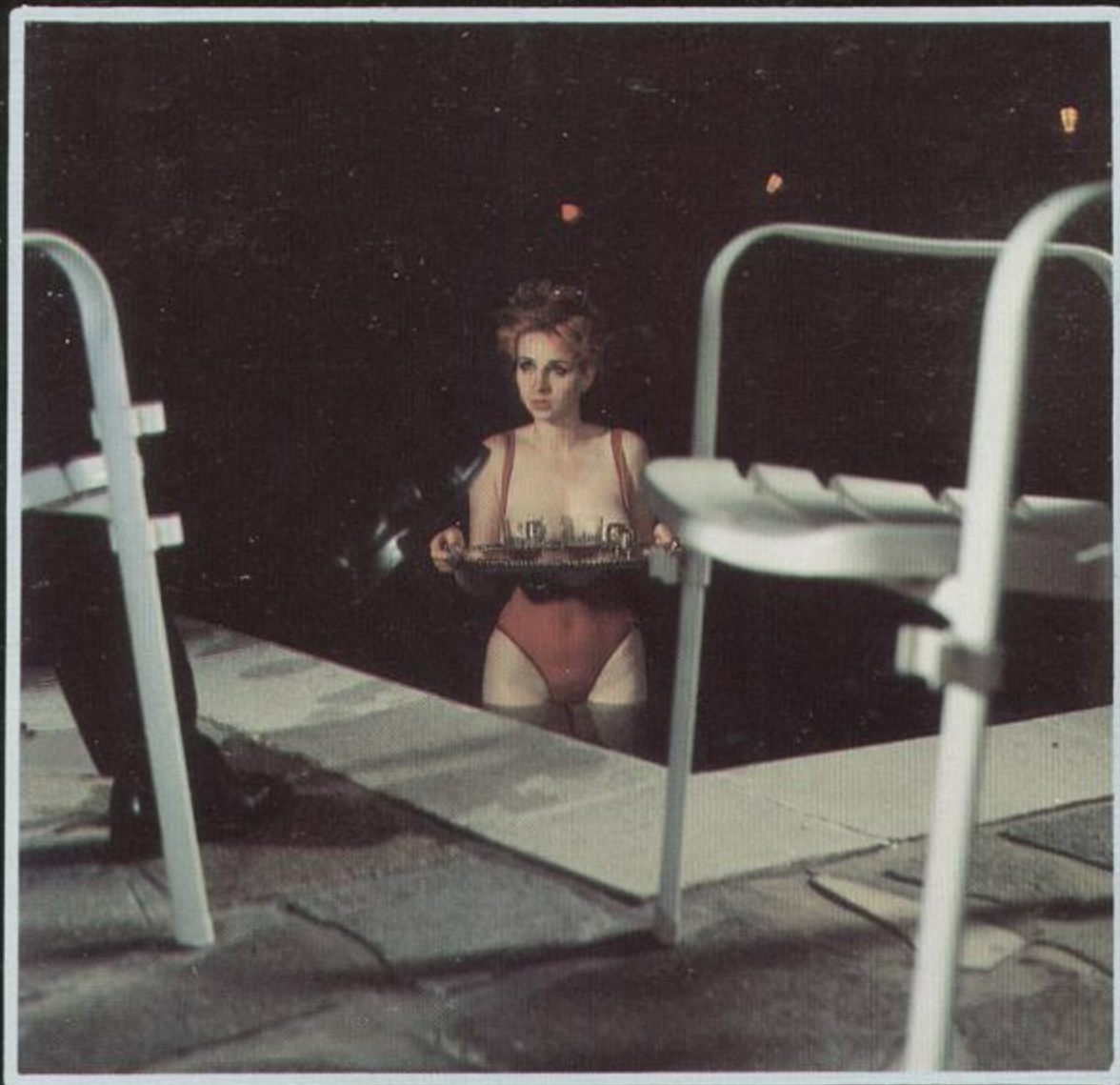
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'Come closer, Joanna,' Mr Fenfield said. 'Come here. How can I talk to you when you're miles away. Did you have a good weekend?'

Saying 'Yes, Mr Fenfield' Joanna stepped perhaps reluctantly forward a pace. And then as he reached for her arm and pulled her close. 'Don't you like being close?' Mr Fenfield asked, honey-voiced.

Joanna's pretty face tightened. 'Yes, but...I don't...really like you doing that...'

'That' was Mr Fenfield's hand sliding up under her skirt. Up the back of one silky-slim nyloned leg to the nylon's top. And beyond. Onto the warm bare flesh which swelled above the nylon's tautness. 'You don't like it?' queried Mr Fenfield mildly.

Joanna was just 19 and a stunning specimen of 19 year old English young womanhood. A strikingly pretty face, her pale complexion set off by a mass of chestnut-auburn hair, and below this face was an equally stunning figure: slim-waisted but ripely rounded above and below and set upon a pair of elegantly long legs. Henry Fenfield had seen her in Harrods, shopping with her mother, in a simple knee-length summer dress that was conspicuously tight around her bottom. Henry Fenfield had been quite overcome — by all of her but by the firmly-muscled haunches, reminiscent of those of a highly-bred racing filly, most of all. Following those superb haunches — at a suitable distance of course to get the full effect of their shape and motion — Henry had known he would have to gain closer acquaintance with this vision. Much closer.

It had not been too difficult. Girls with mothers who take them shopping in Harrods are not nobodies, and a girl as stunning as this one...

No it had not been too difficult to find out who she was and following that to get acquainted — with the mother in the first instance of course: a gentleman of Henry Fenfield's experience needed no advice as regards the merits of the flanking, and especially maternal, approach. Because at 19, as we know, for a well-brought-up young lady a mother is still an essential mentor and guide. A well-brought-up 19 year old will listen to her mother.

What Henry Fenfield could offer, in those honeyed tones into in this case Mrs Anthea Vanforth's attractive ear, was himself as an older and

sophisticated male companion. Again, as we well know, a girl at that age can greatly benefit from the companionship of such a gentleman; one who can guide her in the sophisticated ways of the world, into areas where a mother's guidance can be strictly limited. Yes, Henry Fenfield could make a most impressive case for himself in this context. So impressive that the mother was quite overjoyed when he finally mentioned that he might be able to take Joanna for a week or two at his rather splendid country place in Sussex. Quite overjoyed. How absolutely marvellous for Joanna who, Anthea knew, was just at the age when she needed something like this. And in addition it would mean leaving herself a little more free time, private time. Time when husband James was away, at the office or wherever, and she could pursue...those little private pleasures. Which a very attractive woman of 41 does sometimes

THE RED SWIM-SUIT

feel like allowing herself. Pleasures for which a 19 year old daughter would tend to be in the way. And so...

And so Joanna was at this moment standing on somewhat trembly legs in Henry Fenfield's study. Standing close at the side of his favourite armchair...with his hand softly stroking the silky underside of one bare upper thigh. 'Yes, Joanna dear? You were saying?' Those honeyed tones that Mr Fenfield could produce — even when he was doing the most awful things. (Quite a bit more awful at times, of course, than what he was doing now.)

'It...it's just...it gets me all nervous. And I really should...be doing my reading.'

Henry had set her a programme of instructive and mind-broadening books, to be read and then tested on. Also Joanna hadn't unpacked yet, she had

only virtually this moment got back. From her weekend at home. The train and then Mr Fenfield's man, Mr Spinks — Sidney — meeting her at the station. She had sat next to Mr Spinks in the Daimler, rather than in the back, to be friendly. Mr Spinks had responded to this friendly gesture by putting his hand on her leg. Joanna had pushed it away, but later it had come back again. And yet a third time. But Joanna was sure she could handle Mr Spinks who was only Mr Fenfield's chauffeur and handyman. However Mr Fenfield himself...

'Nervous, Joanna? We should not be nervous. Not with me. Should we? Tell me, are you wearing knickers?'

'Yes...' The frantic word popping out from the soft full lips. Mr Fenfield could be awfully...well awful. At times. Joanna had been here one week. In that week Mr Fenfield had done things, made Joanna do things, that could make a girl sweat just to think about. Should she have told her mother? Some of those things? 'How was Mr Fenfield, darling? Did you have a lovely week?' She should have said something. Although her mother hadn't seemed wildly interested, as if she had other things on her mind. If her mother had pressed her Joanna probably would never have said...something. Because some of the things...were....'Ooooh...!'

'Yes. We have I see.' Mr Fenfield's hand was up there. Seeing for itself. Joanna did have knickers on, well of course, travelling on the train. French knickers, of ivory silk, which in fact had been purchased in Harrods on that very day that Henry Fenfield had first espied Joanna, her mass of chestnut auburn hair and in particular, as we have noted, her splendid bottom. Which now in the ivory silk French knickers he had his hand on. Anthea Vanforth had bought two pairs for Joanna and also two pairs for herself. They would be just heavenly for her lunch date the next day...

But Mr Fenfield was speaking again. 'Perhaps as a test for this nervousness, Joanna — which I find wholly unfortunate and which we really must work to eradicate — perhaps as a test we should take the knickers off. Do you think?'

Mr Fenfield's hand was of course up at Joanna's knickers as he spoke. Rumpling the frothy material which was tight over the ripeness of Joanna's bottom-cheeks but loose at the lace-edged legs. Loose so that Henry Fen-



field's hand could...slide up inside.

'Ohhh...No....please...'

Some of this was directed at what Mr Fenfield's hand was doing and some at the proposal that she remove her knickers. Removing her knickers, Joanna knew, from experience learnt last week, would inevitably be followed by other sweat-inducing developments. One of a number of possible developments or, quite possibly more than one, several, one following the other.

'I...really should do...some reading. And...unpa...ooooh!'

'Take them off please, Joanna. I think I want them off. And I've got some news for you. We have a visitor this evening. And as it is likely to be a nice warm evening I should like you to give him a little demonstration of swimming. Mr Granford his name is. Now then, are you taking the knickers off? Or shall I take them off for you, Joanna? Or perhaps get Spinks in here to do it?'

The two alternatives to doing it herself were both quite horrific and Joanna knew from experience, last week, that one of them at least — taking her knickers off himself — Mr Fenfield was quite capable of carrying out. Because he had. That first time he had told her to take them off and she had stood there virtually paralysed with disbelief. Mr Fenfield had grabbed her and simply yanked them off. He hadn't done the other, got Mr Spinks to do it. Not yet. But even that was not impossible. With a whimpering sound Joanna

made to respond. Mr Fenfield had taken his hand away now. She slid her own hands up. Feeling that sickly sort of feeling as her mind fastened on what had happened before.

'I expect you'd like a nice swim, eh Joanna? After a tiring journey.'

Joanna wasn't thinking about swimming. Or this visitor. She was too concerned with the dreadful present. Her knickers coming unwillingly down under her skirt. Down the long nyloned legs. Henry Fenfield insisted on nylons and a suspender belt. Or at least would not countenance tights. The first morning after Joanna arrived he told her that. Tights were simply not allowed. Knee-socks he could tolerate — at times. But never tights. Proper nylons he wanted most of the time and if she didn't have any — nylons and a suspender belt — then he would drive Joanna right away into town and they would buy some.

Joanna didn't have any and so that was what Mr Fenfield did. And ever since...

Slipping the knickers off over her black high heels (Mr Fenfield also insisted on high heels most of the time). He took the knickers from her, holding them up briefly for inspection, then tossed them onto the coffee table. He pulled Joanna close again.

'A nice swim later, Joanna dear?'

Henry Fenfield's hand was of course sliding up her skirt again. Joanna gave a squeaky yelp, unable to contain it. Her knees were going to collapse. In

no time the hand was on her bottom again. This time it was Joanna's bare bottom.

'My friend Mr Granford is going to be quite thrilled with you, Joanna. He is a great appreciator of a pretty girl with a delightful shape. And this particular part...' Mr Fenfield's hand was cupping one nude cheek, fingers deep in the dividing cleft, 'this part especially. Mr Granford loves a pretty bottom. And in your new swim-suit, Joanna...' The hand squeezed. 'You didn't know I'd

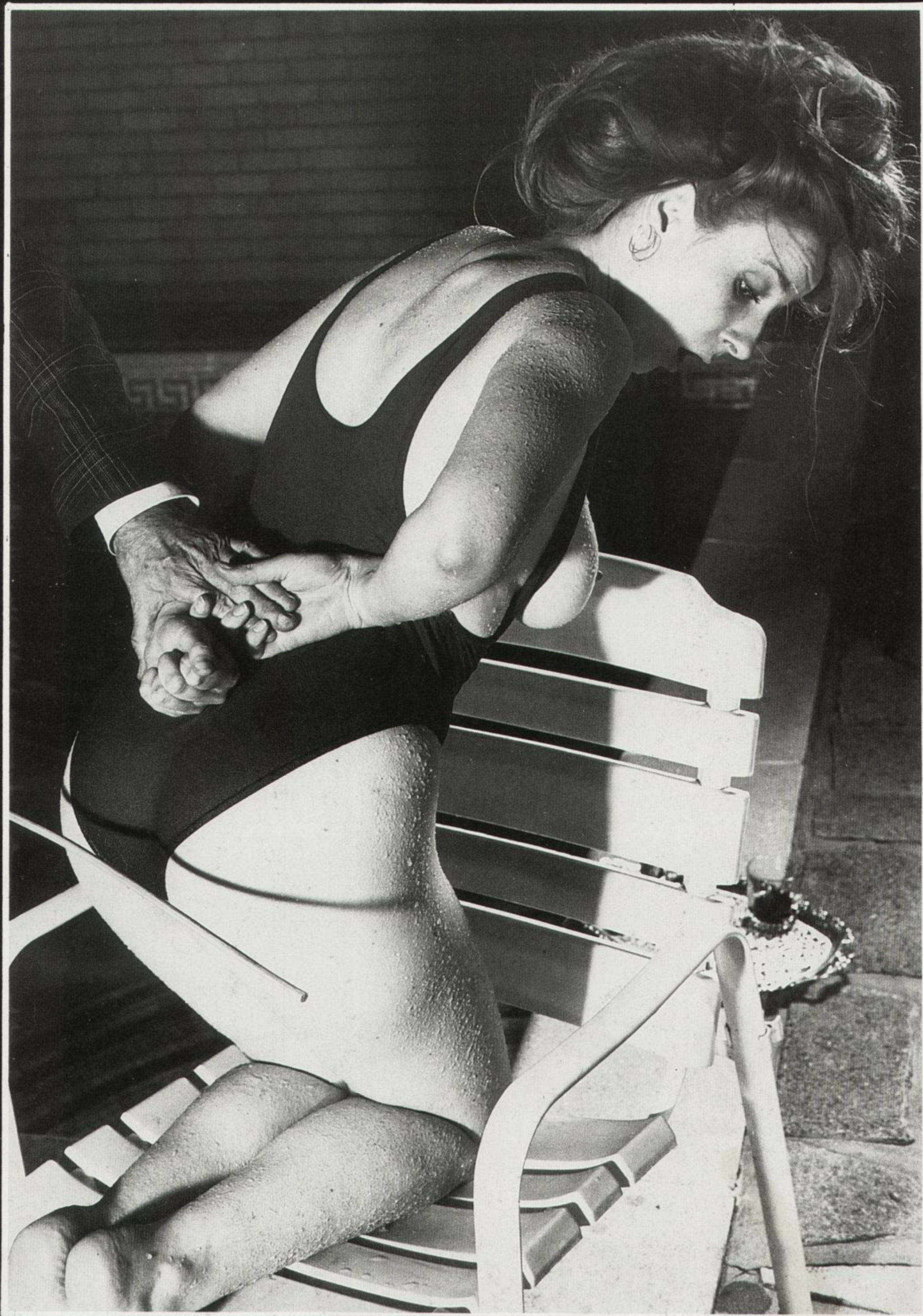


bought you a new swim-suit, did you?’

Joanna couldn’t think about swim-suits, not with that diabolical hand, though it fleetingly crossed her mind that the suit could be something awful. But the hand... ‘Keep still, Miss.’ was sliding down...and in... ‘Aaaaoww...!’ ‘Keep

still...’ In between her legs. Which was one of the awful things Joanna had been fearful of. Mr Fenfield’s hand sliding right in there. He had done it before...and he was doing it now. She was going to collapse, her knees had turned to rubber. She was going to collapse in a heap on the floor.

But Joanna didn’t. Because Mr Fenfield did the other dreadful thing. Pulled her down over his lap. Chestnut-auburn head down and bottom up. Bottom in the demure grey skirt but the skirt was of course being pulled up. So that it was bottom bare. Ripely rounded cheeks, twin pale moons, with a deeply





dividing cleft at the lower extremity of which peeked a glimpse of curling hair more auburn than chestnut. From the lowered head came a frantic yelp. At the other end the black high heels kicked weakly. Having her bottom bared in this humiliating posture was sickening; but Joanna knew that something quite a lot worse was about to come. She squealed again. Henry Fenfield said, 'I haven't started yet.' And gave a playful sort of slap to one flinching buttock.

But then he did start. *His hand crack- ing down. And again. And again.* Each one bringing forth a gasping yelp of anguish. Because it hurt. It wasn't only a sickening sort of thing, to be like this, in this position, at 19. It also hurt. Killingly. And the more he did it the more dreadful that awful pain became. Joanna's poor bottom feeling like she'd been sat down bare-bottom on a hornet's nest. And was being held down...while each and every hornet had a go...

* * *

The swim-suit was a simple tank suit in bright cherry red. Mr Fenfield produced it a bit later, after the bare bottom spanking following which Joanna had some tea and then wet up to her room to do some reading. Or try to do some but it was almost impossible to concentrate with the hot, fresh memory of the spanking still whirling around in her head. With that happening when she had scarcely been back two minutes...well, it was not a good omen at all. Then Mr Fenfield was suddenly there, this red swim-suit in his hand. 'Our guest will be arriving shortly so I should get changed now, my dear.'

Joanna had been expecting something awful: a bikini perhaps that was almost non-existent; or if it was a one-piece cut so brief that...Mr Fenfield was holding it up. The suit looked like it might well be cut tight at the hips but the top...looked all right.

Mr Fenfield was smiling. 'This is how it is to be worn, Joanna.' Turning it. 'This is not the front, it is the back. THIS is the front.'

Joanna's eyes widening. He was saying the back was the front. It didn't make sense. Perhaps she was still affected by the shock of that spanking and Joanna's brain wasn't working very quickly. 'What...?'

Henry Fenfield still had that smile, or smirk, on his face. 'Well all right. It's to be worn back to front. Or should I





say front to back. That way, Joanna, my friend Arthur Granford will be able to fully appreciate your charms.'

Joanna blanched. Her brain had got it now. Crystal clear. The suit was cut low at the back, no higher than the wearer's waist. That was to be at the front according to Mr Fenfield. So that...colour was flooding back into her cheeks. 'No...! Please...'

Henry Fenfield came close. His right hand, the one not holding the swim-suit, rubbed over Joanna's firm and splendid tits which were demurely hidden under a white blouse and a lacy bra below. They were firm and out-thrusting, certainly not needing the bra for support. Joanna flinched at the hand but her thoughts were on the swim-suit. Worn back to front. 'No! Please no!' she repeated.

'Don't you want Mr Granford to see how lovely they are?' asked Mr Fenfield, continuing to caress the thrusting globes. 'I should have thought any girl with a pair as, ah, outstanding as these would be happy to show them off. And it's all part of your training, my dear. Self confidence. I shall be most interested to see how you conduct yourself.'

There were some more hot-faced pleas of protest. Henry Fenfield asked if Joanna wanted Mr Spinks to be sent up to put the swim-suit on her. There was no answer to that. 'Right away then,' he said and went out. Joanna looked at the suit and felt sick. Mr Fenfield couldn't. But of course he could. He had shown last week what he was capable of doing. Things that made you feel sick. In the interests of self control and discipline most of them, according to Mr Fenfield. That was just an excuse, she knew it was. An excuse to do those awful things. Like this awful thing now, wearing this swim-suit back to front. Joanna felt a desperate urge to phone her mother, tell her. Ask her to plead with Mr Fenfield. But he wouldn't let her do that, she knew. And also, and incidentally, Joanna would not have found it easy to contact her mother at this particular moment, or indeed all this evening. Anthea Vanforth was not at home. With husband James away for the day on business she was in a hotel room. In the hotel room's bed in fact. Being at this moment, as Joanna looked desperately at Mr Fenfield's swim-suit, very pleasurably and energetically fucked. By someone who naturally was not James Vanforth. But that of course, being quite unknown to her daughter, is incidental to Joanna's plight.

Mr Fenfield called up, 'Are you ready, Joanna?' No, she wasn't. But if he meant did she have the swim-suit on...the answer was yes. Joanna had pulled her dressing gown on over it. She hadn't been able to bring herself to look in the mirror...or indeed glance down at her front. She had just grabbed her dressing gown and pulled it round herself. The swim-suit was cut very high on the hips — and was stretched almost to ripping point between her legs. It seemed to be a size or two too small — probably deliberately on Mr Fenfield's part — and of course having it on backwards...but it wasn't down below — where at the back it cut up across Joanna's bottom baring half of it — that was making her sweat. It was up in the front. Or the absence of a front.

'Come down, Joanna. Our visitor.'

There was no avoiding it. She had to go down. Take the dressing gown off. And stand up straight with her shoulders back, Mr Fenfield said. 'No cowering or cringing. A nice straight back, a good posture, that's what I want to see.' He meant when she wasn't in the pool of course. Because as well as swimming Joanna was going to have to serve drinks etc. In the back-to-front swim-suit.

The visitor was already sitting by the pool. Joanna could see him through the French windows now, from the hallway: a gentleman of Mr Fenfield's age or thereabouts. She had to go out there. With her dressing gown off. She couldn't! Looking around, there was Mr Fenfield...and Mr Spinks.

'Ah Joanna, there you are. Well you can't wear that of course. Have you got the suit on underneath?' Joanna nodded, unable to speak.

Henry Fenfield shook his head. 'Take it from her, will you, Sidney? Take her in the drawing room and take it off. Then she's to come out. I don't want her in that thing, certainly not.' He went off, outside, to his guest.

Joanna emitted a despairing wail. Mr Spinks' eyes had a greedy look. 'Come on then, young Joanna.'

In the drawing room he was straightaway grabbing at the gown. There was no point fighting him...and anyway Joanna seemed to have no strength. 'Lordy me!' Sidney Spinks breathed as the gown came apart. 'My word! Look at these!' With his greedy hands on them of course. On Joanna's big bare tits. Christmas has certainly

come early for Sidney Spinks. 'Don't...' she whimpered weakly. 'No...' But Mr Spinks was bending. His head down. And his mouth...she gave a yelpy gasp...as Mr Spinks' wet mouth sucked greedily on one erect nipple.

* * *

Outside. Somehow she had stumbled away from the dreadful Spinks. Outside by the pool where Mr Fenfield was chatting to Mr Granford. Joanna's head in a terrible whirl. From what Mr Spinks had done...and from everything else. This swim-suit. The dressing gown was off now of course and Joanna had only the back-to-front swim-suit on. Her big nude tits sticking invitingly out, nipples fully erect courtesy of Sidney Spinks. Mr Granford looking wide-eyed. Was she going to faint? Joanna wondered. 'My word, Henry. You didn't tell me...'

Henry Fenfield smiling. 'Isn't she lovely? Of course she still needs a bit of training. Don't you, dear? I thought we'd give her a bit later on. But right now Joanna's going to jump in. Show us her back-stroke.'

It was like an awful dream. In the warm water of the pool. Swimming on her back. So that the two men — not to mention Mr Spinks who was also watching from the wings — could admire Joanna's tits. And then...wading across the pool with a tray. Drinks. Standing dripping at their sides. Her vibrant bare tits dripping, her bottom half bare in the back-to-front suit dripping too. And after that...in the dream other things. More awful things. Mr Fenfield had brought out his cane. Joanna was kneeling on one of the pool-side chairs. The wet swim-suit now stripped down to her knees. Mr Granford had been handed the cane...

The cane across Joanna's wet bottom....that wasn't dream-like. Oh now, you couldn't think that was a dream...

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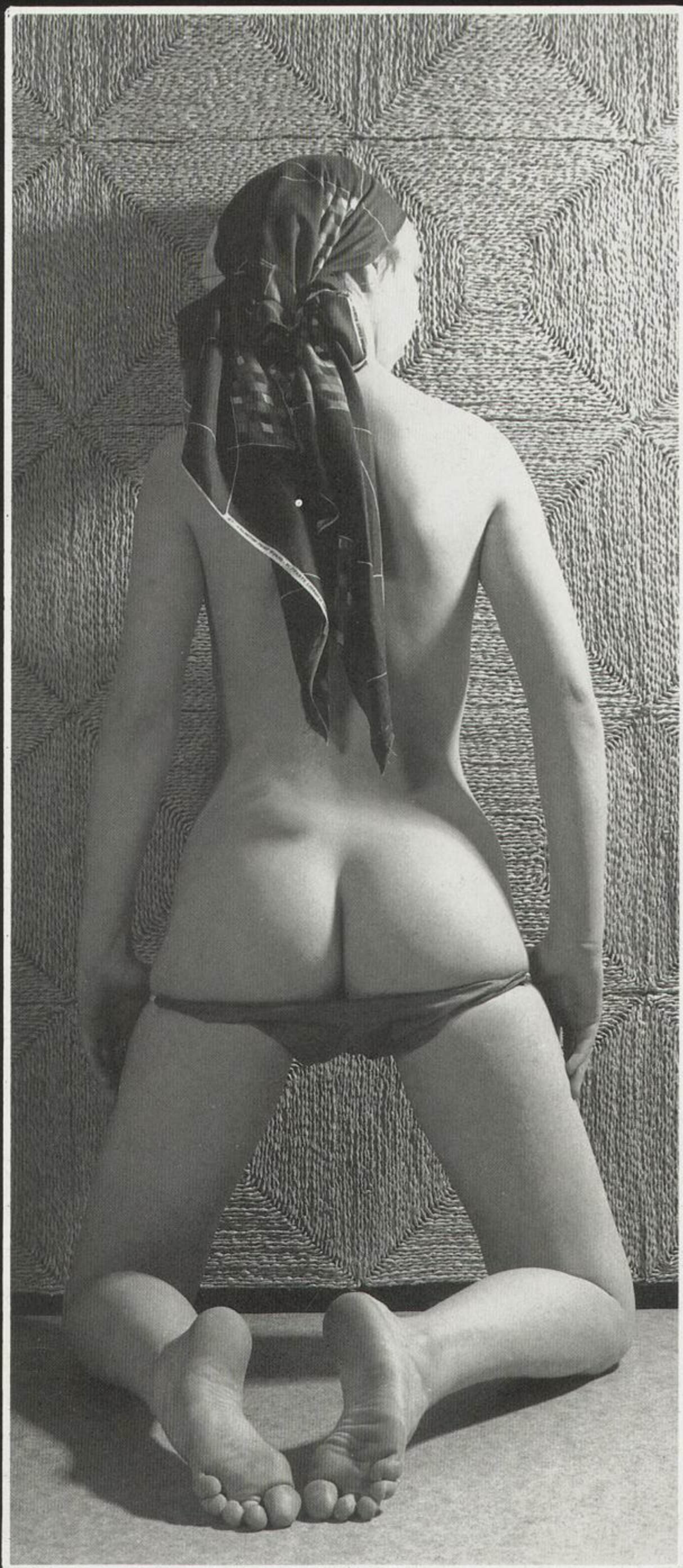
'How long is she staying there?' asked the man who was once again, the second time now this evening, fucking Anthea Vanforth.

'Oh...I don't know...oooooh...!'

'If she's enjoying it...there's no hurry...'

'Yes. She is enjoying it...ohhhh! No.....there's no hurry...certainly...ohhh...not!'

JOIN THE DOTS



MR ROXLEY FROM HEAD OFFICE

She remembered his name: Mr Roxby or Roxley. 'He's from Head Office,' Gordon had said afterwards. 'So he's important I suppose.' He wasn't particularly remarkable looking: fiftyish, not tall, heavily built, balding; but with sharp, appraising eyes that had met Miranda's when they were briefly introduced. Met her eyes and also quickly taken in the rest of her. Her boobs in particular. She had seen the eyes frankly sizing them up.

She had on her black silk blouse, with a bra underneath. You didn't go to a reception at the office, your husband's office, not wearing a bra, especially not if you had quite large ones as Miranda did. But the blouse, quite tight, showed the shape of them, and the fact that they were big. And this Mr Roxley or Roxby had taken notice all right. That was why she had queried his name with Gordon. Men did notice them of course, a lot of men liked big boobs and when you were reasonably looking as well they were going to look. Sometimes make a pass. Miranda didn't respond to the passes, or deflected them with a little smile. She wasn't interested in any of that. But...Mr Roxby, or Roxley...

It was Roxley. 'Jim Roxley', he said, quite clearly. When he phoned her up. Where had he got the number? — but it would be easy, there would be Gordon's home number in an office file somewhere. 'Hello,' is that Mrs Smithford? Miranda Smithford, isn't it?' It was two days after the reception. The middle of the afternoon, three o'clock. When of course Gordon would be at the office.

'We met at the reception. Just briefly.' She said Yes.



It came back crystal-clear in her head: his eyes meeting hers and then on the front of her blouse, the taut-stretched black silk. Miranda's heart was immediately thudding. She knew what he was going to say, in a way she had been half expecting it: this call and then...

He said it: he would like to see her. 'Get acquainted,' he added. 'It's nice to meet our people's wives. Gives you a better perspective. You know what I mean.'

Yes. Miranda knew what he meant. She could guess. Those eyes on her boobs. About a year ago there had been someone, a colleague of Gordon's at the office, who had kept calling her up. Really persistent. She had finally thought: why don't I say yes? Go out with him and let him play with my boobs or do me or whatever he wants and then perhaps he'll stop pestering. But that was only fantasy, Miranda knew she wouldn't and she didn't have to because he wasn't anyone important. She finally said she would tell Gordon if he kept on and that stopped him. But this Mr Roxley...

Trying to stall, she said they'd love to have him over for dinner, though guessing that was not at all what he meant. He didn't beat about the bush. 'No, Mrs Smithford, that's not really what I had in mind. Not really. I thought we might take a little drive in the country. The weather's so nice right now.'

Miranda said yes. Mr Roxley was after all from Head Office, not just some colleague of Gordon's

with an itch. Gordon himself had said it: 'He's important.' So she had no real choice. She didn't tell Gordon — because that wouldn't help anyone. And there was still a chance that Mr Roxley wouldn't want anything. The next afternoon he said. A place in town where he would pick her up...

In his car Mr Roxley said, 'Has your husband told you? About the re-organisation.' Miranda shook her head. Gordon hadn't said anything. They were parked out in a quiet lane now — where hopefully no one she knew was going to come along. Mr Roxley was turned towards her, with that look again. Miranda had a short jacket on, on top of her blouse and skirt. So he couldn't see her blouse front. His look, though, seemed to penetrate her coat.

'There may be some redundancies,' he said matter-of-factly. 'Nothing finalised yet but...it's on the cards.'

His words, and what he meant, hit her like a sudden slap. 'You mean Gordon?' she said. Mr Roxley shrugged. 'As I say there's nothing decided. There are different options.' He smiled. 'Open your coat, Miranda. Let me see them.'

She was still taking in the shock of what he was saying about the office. Now she flushed.

'Open your coat.' That smile again. It wasn't a friendly smile; it was the smile of someone who could do things to people. 'Let me see those nice big things.'





Miranda unbuttoned her coat. Then he told her to unbutton the blouse. And then her bra, unfasten it at the back and pull it up. Off of her boobs. So that they were bare. Shivery bare in the car although it was a warm enough afternoon. She suppressed a cry as Mr Roxley's hands took hold of them: the shock of her bare boobs in his hands. A worse shock, more immediate, physical, than what he had said about Gordon, about redundancies.

Mr Roxley was smiling that smile, with his hands caressing Miranda's big bare tits, the nipples were stiffening. 'Lovely, Mrs Smithford. They're really lovely, aren't they?'

She felt sick — but she couldn't stop him. Playing with her bare boobs, or anything else he wanted to do otherwise Gordon...

Mr Roxley told her what he wanted to do. He wanted to take some photographs of her. Nude and perhaps also in just a pair of knickers, he said. Also he wanted to cane her.

saying 'Yes, Mr Fenfield,' Joanna step- as he told her this. 'I'm sure you'll co-operate, my dear. Mmmm? It's really nothing much, is it. Have you ever been caned?'

Miranda's breathing was gaspy now. Her mouth was dry, with that sick feeling. She shook her head. 'No? Ah well, that will be my pleasure then. Doing it for the first time. It hurts a bit of course — but I'm sure it'll be nothing you can't handle. And

it will be all in a good cause. We don't want those redundancies to strike close to home, do we?'

When Gordon came home she asked him about it. Re-organisation, redundancies. 'Who said anything about that?' he snapped. Trying to blot out the memory of out in that lane Miranda said she had heard something, a rumour, from one of the girls she knew. Gordon said, 'I don't think it's anything.' But he sounded nervous.

There were redundancies — but not Gordon. He was lucky, he said, when it was announced. 'It's a relief. I actually thought...well, it could have been me.' Miranda said yes, he was lucky. They were both lucky.

She never told him about the pictures. Or the cane. Going to that flat, where Mr Roxley had it set up for the pictures like a studio. Matting up the wall for a backdrop to her. Miranda nude with just a scarf on her head. Some wearing a pair of bikini knickers as well. Some others in black heels and stockings with a suspender belt. Posing. And of course the cane. The cane was pretty dreadful. A dreadful stinging pain. She just had to grit her teeth and bear it. Think of what could happen otherwise.

Afterwards, after the announcement, Gordon said, 'Do you remember that Mr Roxley? From Head Office? They say he was the one who organised it all. You remember, at the reception.'

Miranda said, 'Yes. I think I remember.'



UP IN THE MORNING



She would soon be all of twenty three years of age, and Ann felt that at long last she would be able to settle down to a life of party going and no longer have to worry about those boring old lessons at school. No more travelling backwards and forwards at the end and beginning of terms and no more sour faced old teachers. She sighed happily as she snuggled down in her comfortable bed because even her father had gone off for a few weeks and even though she loved him as all good girls should, she had to admit that sometimes even having daddy around could be positively boring. There would be that Mr Grace who seemed forever lost in the surrounding garden whenever he came up to the house. That was his temporary job, of course, and he had been doing that ever since he left the services where he was in her father's regiment. Something about him being a Warrant Officer, no less, although as far as Ann was concerned, Grace was very loud whenever he spoke. That was because he was the sergeant major, she supposed. Anyway, Grace was going to teach her all about botany, he called it gardening, but she had to accept that he was indeed very wise as far as the garden was concerned, and despite his gruff manner sometimes, he managed to produce the most beautiful lay outs in the garden. She was thought, jokingly, that the flowers and various plants would not dare to grow attractive under the stern methods of Grace. The gardener did not usually stay at the house, but daddy had said that he could have the bedroom at the end of the corridor to look after Ann.

'And you will be under his care, Ann', daddy had told her as Grace, stone faced and without batting an eyelid nodded with something like respect. Daddy was the only person that Grace did respect it must be said.

'Don't stand any nonsense now Grace,' her father had said brusquely.

'I want her to help you in the garden. She's no mamby pambý and she must pull her weight domestically as well as in the outhouses.'

Ann had been very quiet during the explicit instructions that her father had been issuing, and she tried not to respond to a shiver that went



though her body. There was nothing that she could put her finger on as far as Grace was concerned, but she had known him since she was a child, and always she held him in great awe rather than respect.

As she lay down that first night, she knew that she would get the results of her 'A' levels by the time the fortnight was over. Even this did little to help out the nagging fear of the low marks that she felt sure she would get. Oh to hell with it, time to sleep and she closed her eyes and fitfully slipped into a deep sleep.

Waking up was a completely contrasting state of affairs. She opened her eyes and they opened very wide. Grace was in her room.

'Wha...what are you doing in here?' she sat up in the bed collecting frantically the only garment that she could find. A tight fitting vest. Hastily and trying to keep the clothes up round her chin, she pulled the garment over her tresses and pulled it down to cover her shapely thrusting breasts.

'I've been reading this report from your school,' he said.

She was still very confused and she shook her head to clear it from the night's sleep.

'Look Grace. Piss off out of this room and let me get ready,' she snapped.

She might have held him in awe, but she wasn't going to tolerate his trespass into her room like that. Not yet she wasn't! Time was fast running out for Ann to exercise her own foibles and actions as far as Grace was concerned.

'Get bathed, then back in her as quickly as you can,' he had suddenly transformed into their sergeant major Warrant Officer again.

Whatever her own thoughts might have been right then would never be known, she was out of the bed and through to the bathroom like a frightened rabbit from the hounds.

It took her some fifteen minutes to return and she was pulling the hem of the vest down in a tightly stretched state to cover her precious modesty and dignity and also the



puff of hair that she had at the juncture of her thighs. The fact that her shapely splendid thighs were very bared worried her less than what was on view if the vest had been allowed to remain at its natural level.

Another ten minutes in the company of Grace had her thoroughly conquered and in a completely different frame of mind. She was bemused, confused and something like deep fear of him had now taken over. Her eyes threatened constantly to flow into tears and her body had shuddered when he had outlined his intended course of action. And he had also produced a long wicked looking cane!

'No more of this Grace business...MISTER Grace in future. And I certainly will not tolerate swearing,' he sounded horrified, angrily horrified at her terminology.

'I'm sorry Mr Grace,' her small voice answered as she shuddered in further embarrassment and shame. She felt so absolutely helpless and she was certainly very vulnerable.

'You will now place two pillows at the centre of the bed,' he pointed out the spot with the tip of the cane.

Grace studied the chubby roundness of her bottom as she gingerly leaned over to take the pillows. Ann knew she would never argue against such an authoritarian voice. She might complain and she might protest but argument never once entered her head. And he had made her stand to attention too. The vest, losing the restraint of her hands had surrendered to the natural cut of the cloth and the small nest of her pubes had been displayed. And she could not verbally try to stop him when he had lifted the hem all the way up to her shoulders and left her shapely young titties exposed. And when he had actually held them in his hands, Ann had been completely overcome at his audacity.

'You will not have time to think of letting your young men do this,' he had warned her.

Crazy thoughts filled her head when she felt the hard nipples reacting to his clever fingers. They seemed to swell with a sexual drive



that none of her girlfriends at school had managed to produce! Her helplessness increased when he stroked the hair of her pussy.

'Nor this. There will be no time for young men to do this either,' he assured her emphatically.

Her mind was not on young men touching her speedily warming sex, the pouting area of her softness was responding just as her titties had, they reacted to thrilling sexuality.

'Twelve strokes I think young lady. Just to start off with. These marks you have from the school,' he referred to her school report, 'are terrible. And I think you father will fully approve of my action.'

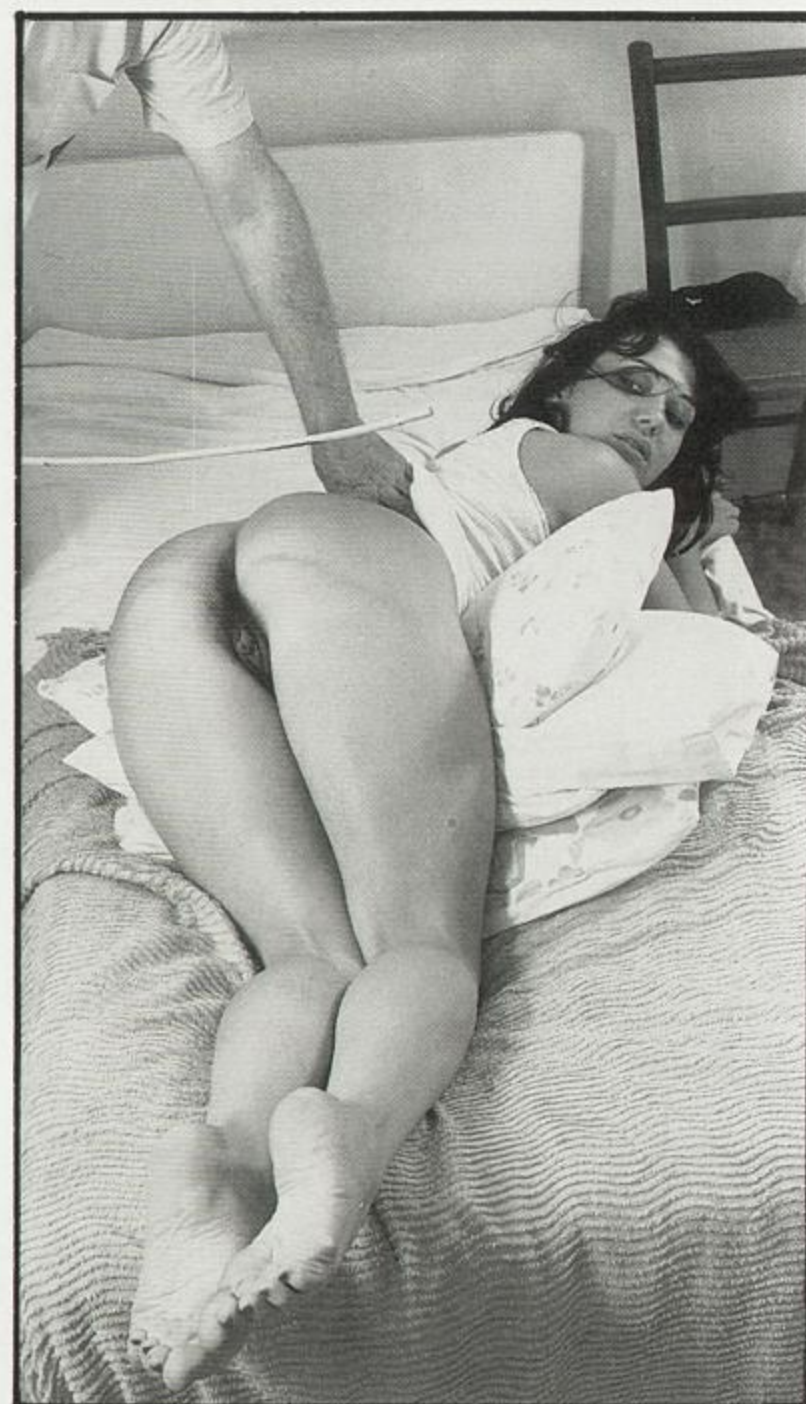
She slipped onto the side of her bed as her head although crystal clear, throbbed with the terrible situation which she now found herself in. She was on all fours and listening to Grace insisting that she get her

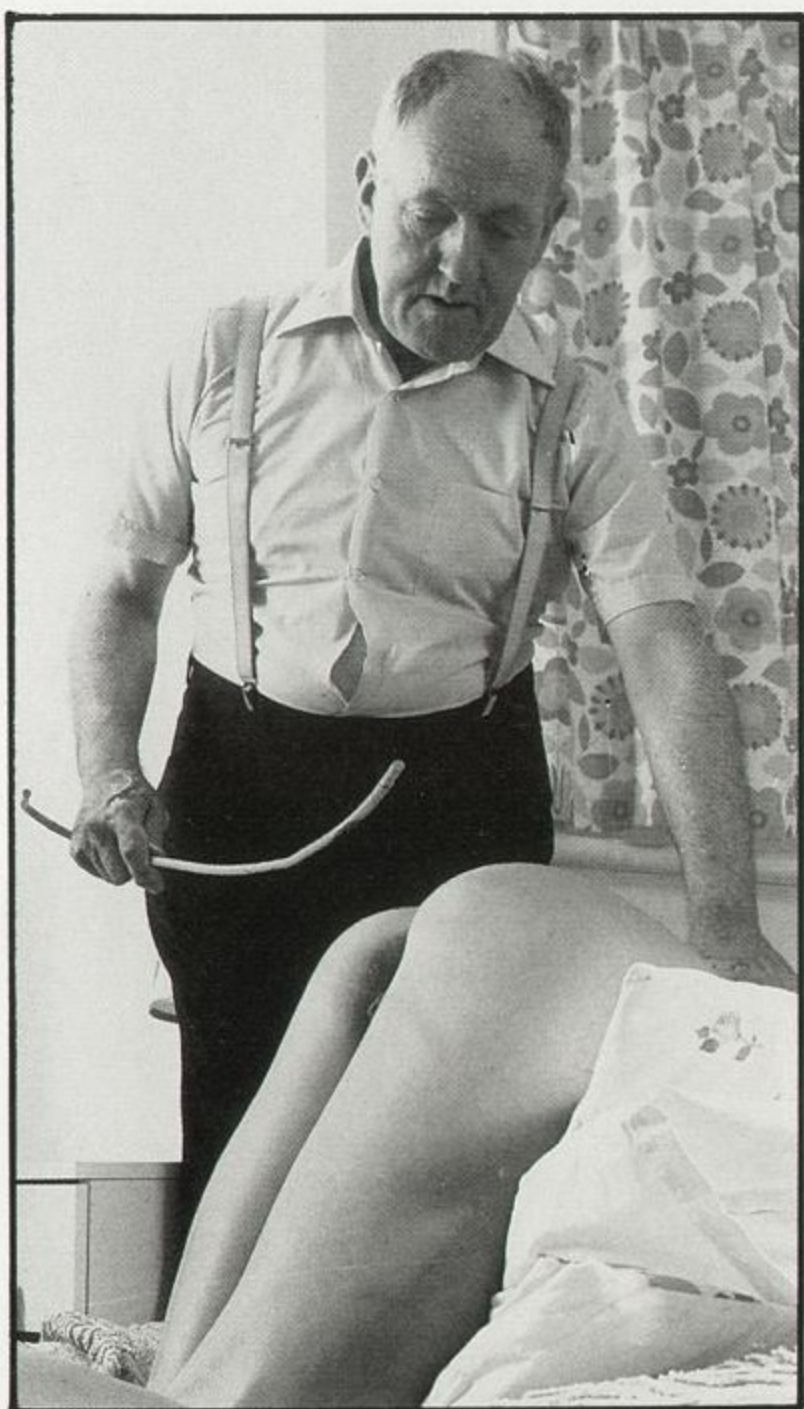
bottom fully rounded and thrust back.

'Please, Mr Grace, please not too hard,' she pleaded.

He liked the idea that she did not beg to be let off, but rather she had pleaded for it to be not too hard! It meant that she was accepting the caning rather than screaming blue murder at the very idea.

Ann felt the knot of shame gripping her tighter and tighter as she made her bare bum roundly targetable. Her knees were tightly held together and then her face was blushing even deeper when Grace appeared to be testing the suitability of the orbs for a caning. She had to remain very still whilst his palms ran freely all over the shapely nates and Ann was breathing slightly faster than when she had first adopted this position. She was wishing that he would get on with the punishment, all this stroking and feeling of her bum was giving





her all sorts of strange and some would say, naughty feelings! Each time his hand stroked the lowest part of her bum that meant that the soft lips between her legs, those same lips that he had felt when she had been standing there, would respond with little heated throbs that ran all the way round and round the lips themselves, and she was even more bemused at the treacherous betrayal of her senses. She should not be liking this one little bit, and yet, she was feeling the same sensations that she had suffered when Cynthia at school had climbed into her bed and done things with her breasts and pussy one night. Except with Grace, who she felt sure should not be doing these things, was emphasising the thrills through every nerve of her sex because he was the man and she was the helpless girl.

She found it difficult to concentrate on why she was doing this, and even Grace could not help notice that Ann was actually

pushing her bottom out more and more provocatively! When that cane splatted down across the meatiest part of her bottom, she thrust under the stinging sensation that flashed across from one cheek to the other. Her mouth then responded with a sharp sounding yell. Another five strokes managed to contact the speedily writhing buttocks and then she was actually laying on top of the two pillows, the six lines on her bottom revealing the state of the game so far.

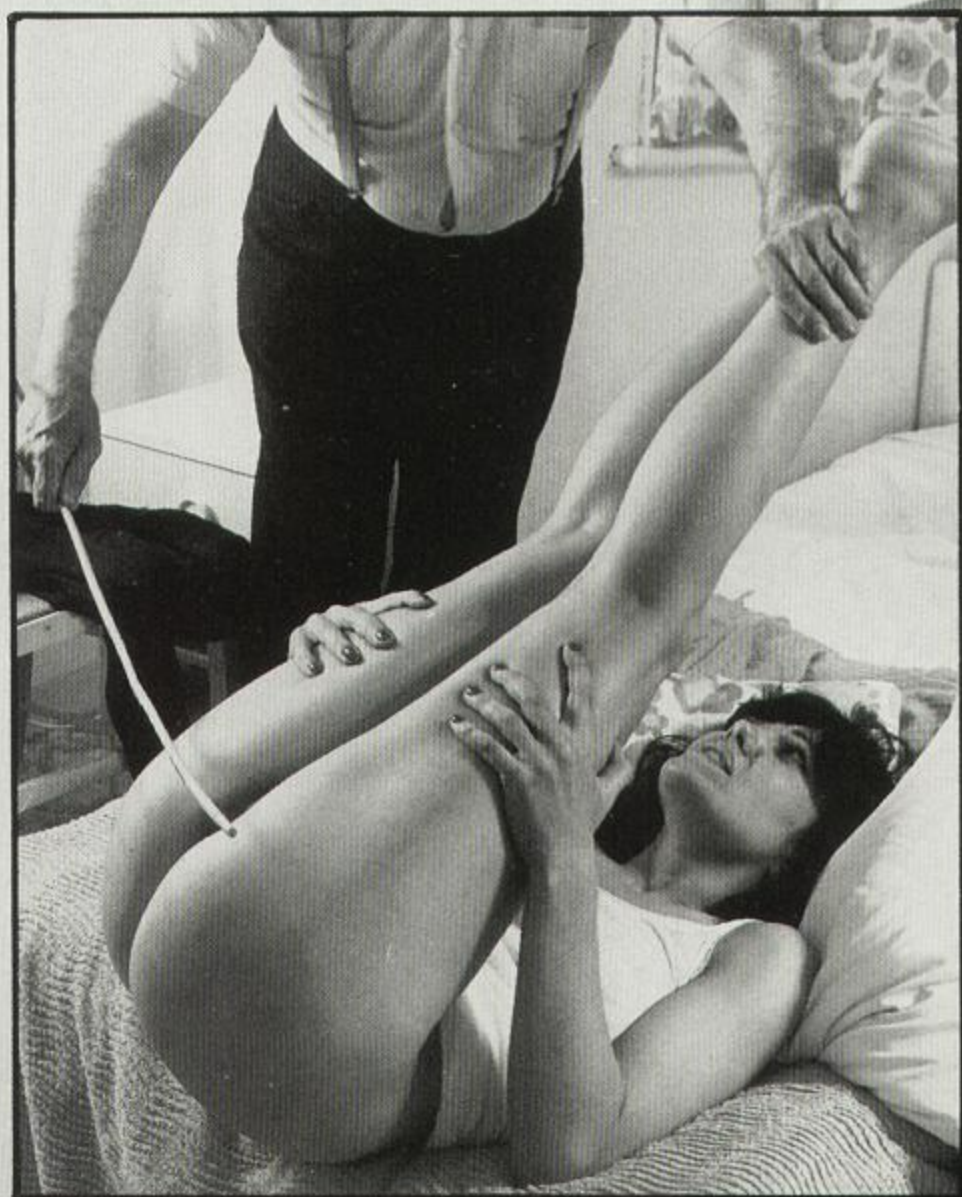
The next six came down too, this time her tummy was rubbing the pillow and thus making her respond to strong sensations of confusion as she cried, begged and pleaded without knowing what she was pleading for! He saw how the pillow cover had worked between her legs and was covering the excited heated lips of her sex.

'That will never do,' he admonished her.









When she was laying on her back, he told her to pull her knees all the way up, and once again had to sharply rebuke her for trying to get her hand over her tight lipped pussy.

Ann was the perfect shape now, the rounded lined cheeks of her bottom were perfectly presented and she sobbed in helpless responses to her deep sense of shame, confusion and also that slightly 'nice' sensation that throbbed all the way from her sex area. The heat of the pain had also produced a heat of passion and the long waves of continuous hotness gradually made her randy! Her arms gripped her legs and then she was getting a further six strokes on the twisting, writhing and thrusting cheeks of her bottom.

When he next placed her, she was still sobbing fitfully but he saw how she once again thrust her very tram lined junction bottom into a most satisfactory pose as though wanting his punishment to continue. She gasped and sighed when his hands 'inspected' the discipline of her nates and then another sigh came from her mouth...erotically Ann was being given the greatest pleasure of them all....it seemed only natural as far as she was concerned, that Mr Grace should be doing what he was right now...he was after all a very good gardener and it was her garden that he was attending to, in a most thoroughly delightful manner.

How does your garden grow?

By the following Wednesday, Ann had grown accustomed to the idea that she had accepted Grace as the man who would punish her if she stepped out of line. She still blushed at the memory of displaying her bottom in the manner that she had done, and she was double ashamed of herself for the manner in which her naked body had surrendered to his domination.

This was her first visit to the garden to give him some help. He took her to the very end of the large open space, and it was a part that she did not know existed. Unlike his precious nursery area, this was very overgrown and needed a lot of attention. She was dressed in tight fitting white shorts and this revealed once again the perfection of her thighs with the fully con-

toured cheeks of her bottom pressing tightly to enhance the shapely curves properly.

He set her one or two simple tasks in the overgrown and bracken laden ground and then left her. Before he had walked away, he had slapped his hand down twice, once to each pertly rounded cheek and left her rubbing the bottom ruefully. Her mind was not on the allotted task and she was positively dilatory in her application to it. He could see how little she had done when he returned and his harsh admonistration left her in no doubt what he intended to do.

'Not out here Mr Grace,' she gasped horrified.

'Take your knickers, and shorts down at once, Miss,' he snapped and revealed his anger at her daring to argue.

He felt gratified when she with indecent haste slipped the shorts down her legs together with the knickers inside them. When he made her lean against the tree, he was able to pt the soft cheeks once again. She flinched noticeably when he produced that horrible cane as though by magic. Trembling hopelessly, Ann leaned forward



when he told her to.

'Now...bottom back; thrust Miss,' he snapped.

It was a voice to be obeyed and despite her natural distaste for this to happen, Ann thrust her bum into the fullest roundness. She choked again and again as a hand once more 'tested' the springy, yet smooth quality of her bottom and again she felt the shameful reaction to having to stay perfectly still whilst her bum was felt all over. She was not too sure why he had to feel the upper protruberances over her shirt top, but felt that silence was the best response to this even though her young titties responded to the generous feeling he was giving them.

'Admit that you have been lazy,' he insisted.

'I don't like doing this horrible work, Mr Grace,' she choked.

'Admit that you have been lazy,' he repeated.

'But...yooooeee...please...that hurts,' she called out as the cane came down to leave a crisp response and a line across her cheeks. 'Admit it,' he snapped.

Swiiissh...inevitably and to help him achieve the desired response from her he had given her the second stroke.

'NNN....ggggooo...ahhh...please that hurts my bottom,' she yelped as he pressed her upper torso against the tree.

'Will you admit that you have been idle.'

Swwiii...thwacckkk... 'Yaar-rooo...oh no...please, alright...I have been idle and lazy,' she hastily corrected her earlier reluctance to co-operate.

'And what happens to naughty, idle and lazy girls.'

She refused to answer that one, at first.

Swiiisshh, thwack...that one lower down and almost into the crease itself.

'Aaaghh...no...ekkk,' her voice gave vent to the angry heated lines on her bottom.





'I want to hear your answers Miss,' he snapped.

Swiiissh...swish...thwaccckkk...and each stroke was properly received by her verbal shout of pain.

'They, they get their bottoms caned, she said.

'And you have been lazy,' he told her for the umpteenth time.

'Yes, yes, yes...I have been lazy and idle,' her voice seemed now to know the correct responses!

'And what must I do?'

'Cane my bottom,' she replied, helpless now, knowing she could not avoid the eventual outcome.

'Now tell me it all over again.'

He was standing there with the cane pressed against the skin of her bottom as though the wand of punishment would surely remind her how and what she was to say.

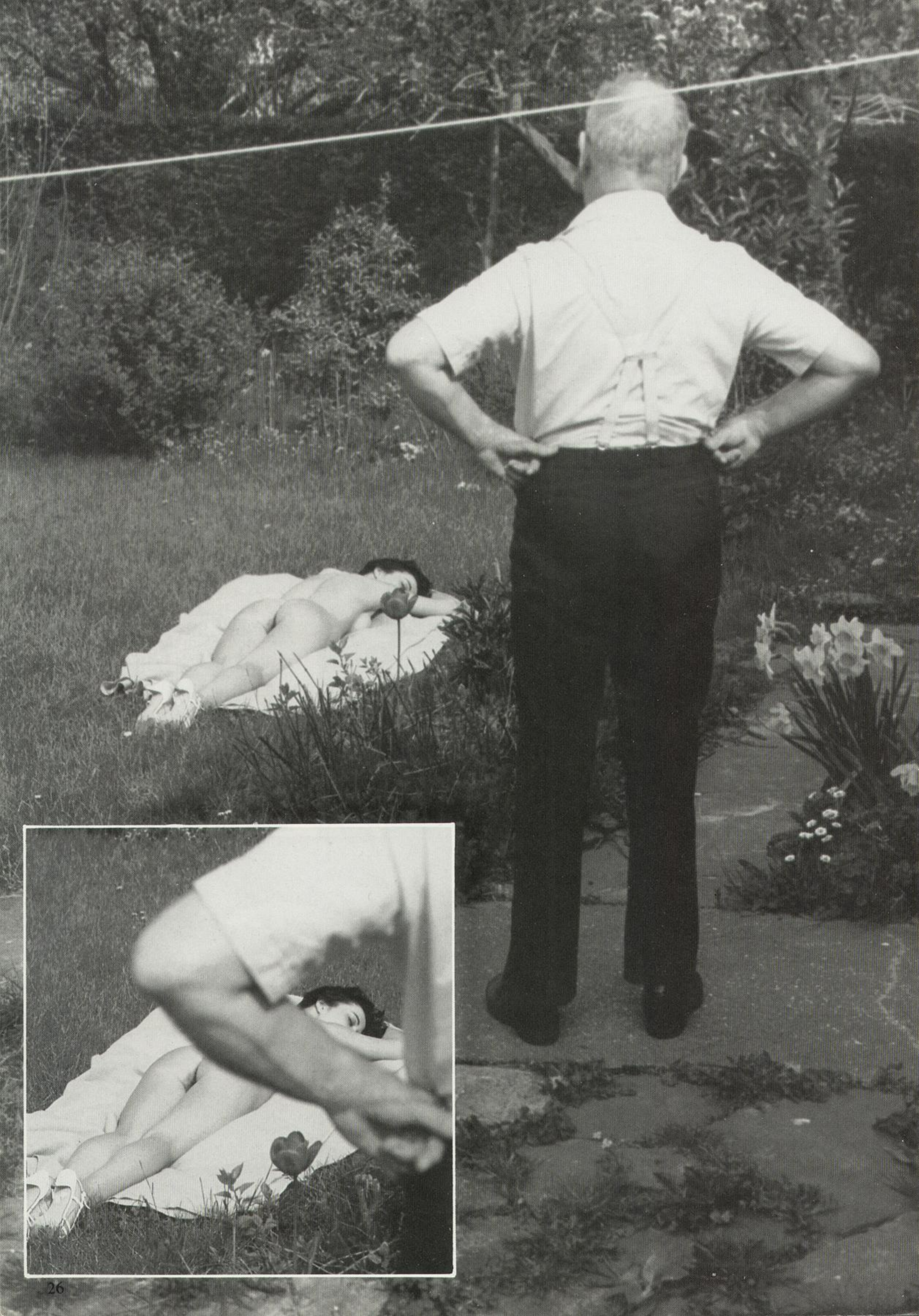
'I have been very idle, and lazy and I deserve to have my bottom thoroughly caned,' she sobbed.

'And how do you posture yourself for this punishment?'

'With my knickers and shorts down, and I have to make my bottom present like this,' she pushed her bottom back attractively.

It was a hopeless situation. There was always the forlorn hope that he would be lenient if she cooperated. Even the thought that he might 'feel' her between her legs did not worry her so much now. She might even 'like' that, but when he lifted the cane again, she knew it was only in preparation to bring it down hard again. She was not wrong. The cane whistled and then only stopped its descent when it contacted fleshy cheeks, her cheeks and when the zipping flash





of stinging sensation ripped through her bottom, it had a vocal aftermath.

'Aaaghhh...please Mr Grace, my bottom feels so sore. Please, I implore you, no more cane. Please. Please. Anything. Any other way. No more cane,' she pleaded.

He did not raise the cane again but told her to stand with legs properly placed some eighteen inches apart. She did so with no hesitation. Her upper body pressed against the tree and when he told her to push her bottom back she did so, even though she thought it was to enhance her nates for a further caning.

'You'd rather I did this?'

His hand was stroking over and over, round and round the curvy contours of her bum cheek.

'Yes. Yes please, Mr Grace,' she assured him.

'And how about what the boys do to you?'

'Yes please,' she moaned in surrender to the hot thrills once again stirring her blood to new heat.

'So you want my hands between your legs?'

'Yes, yes please,' she choked in full anticipation.

The trouble was, that it was not to avoid a caning, but because she really did want to feel something more positive on her sex mouth. They were hot and tingling were the lips of her sex and right now she ached to have him play with her.

'Admit it then...and ask nicely,' he smiled.

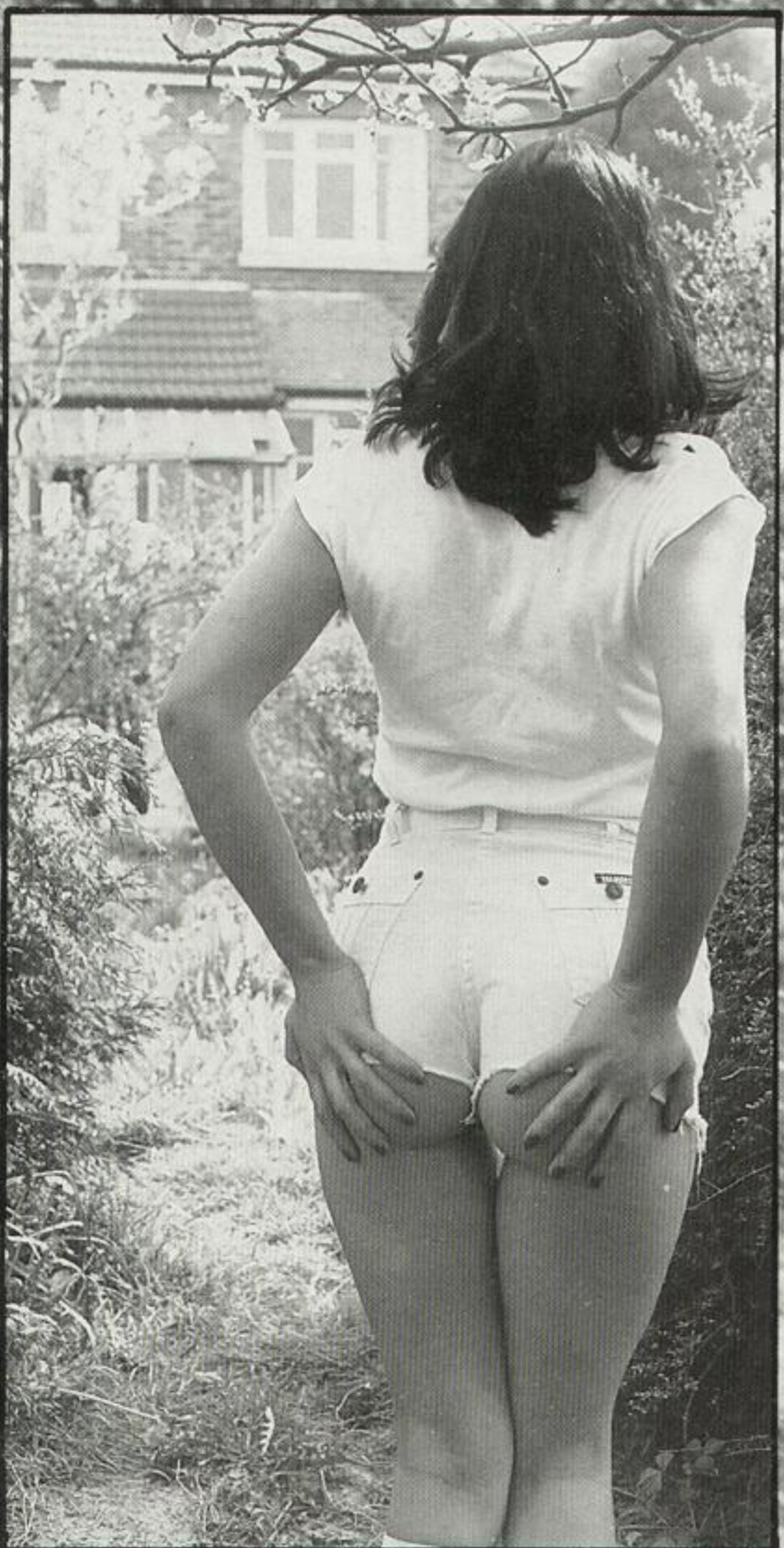
'I want you to play with me, between my legs, please...I want it very much,' she responded as hot blushes filled her attractive face.

'Push right back.'

He watched the appreciative manner in which she really did push her bum right back.

'Ooohe....' surprise and strange pleasure were in that sound.





Wet warmth soon transformed into heated lubrication...

'And tonight I shall deal with you...in the bathroom I think,' he told her in a very controlled toned voice.

'Yes...ohhher...yes...please,' she moaned.

The fingers, expert at pulling weeds and planting seeds had managed to plant inside Ann a strong desire to have him deal with her in the bathroom. Her body had started to tremble again and sheer heated orgasms burst from her body as she bent almost over to have him take care of the passage that was demanding so much attention.

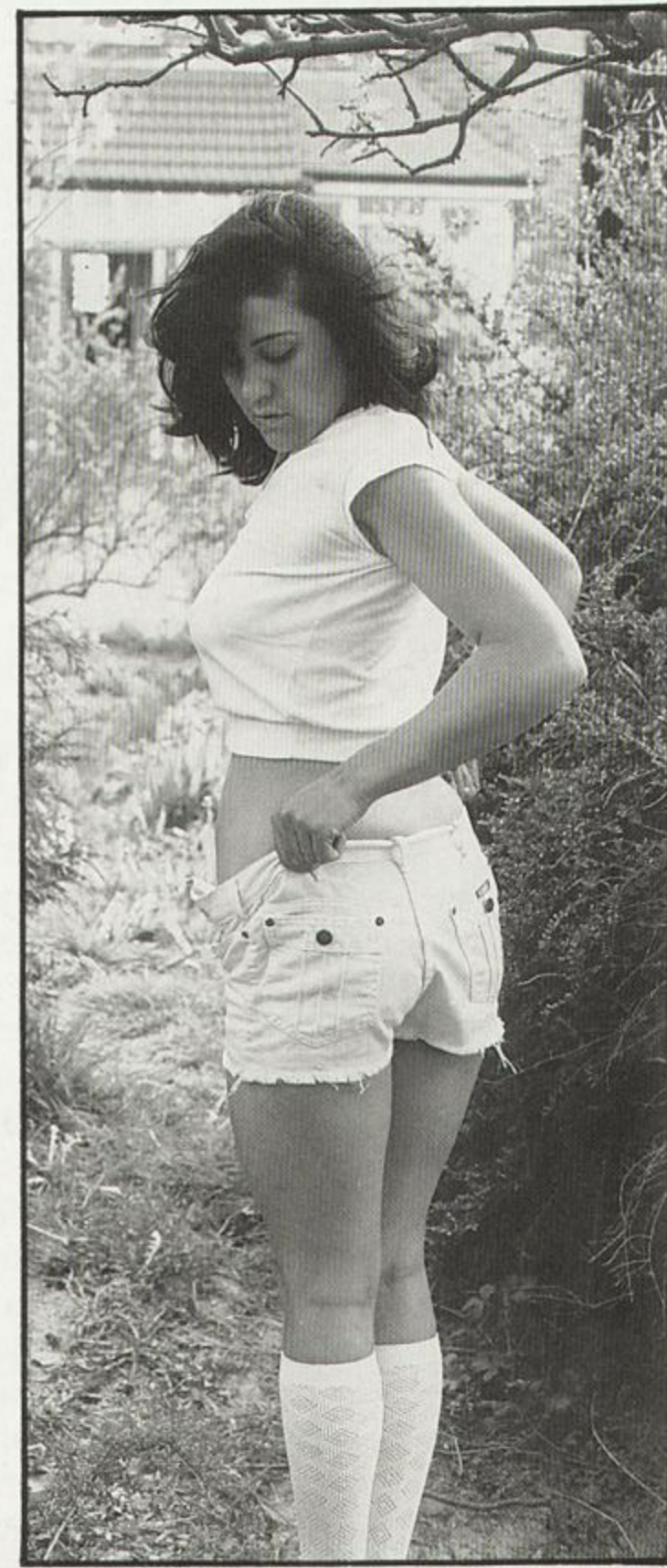
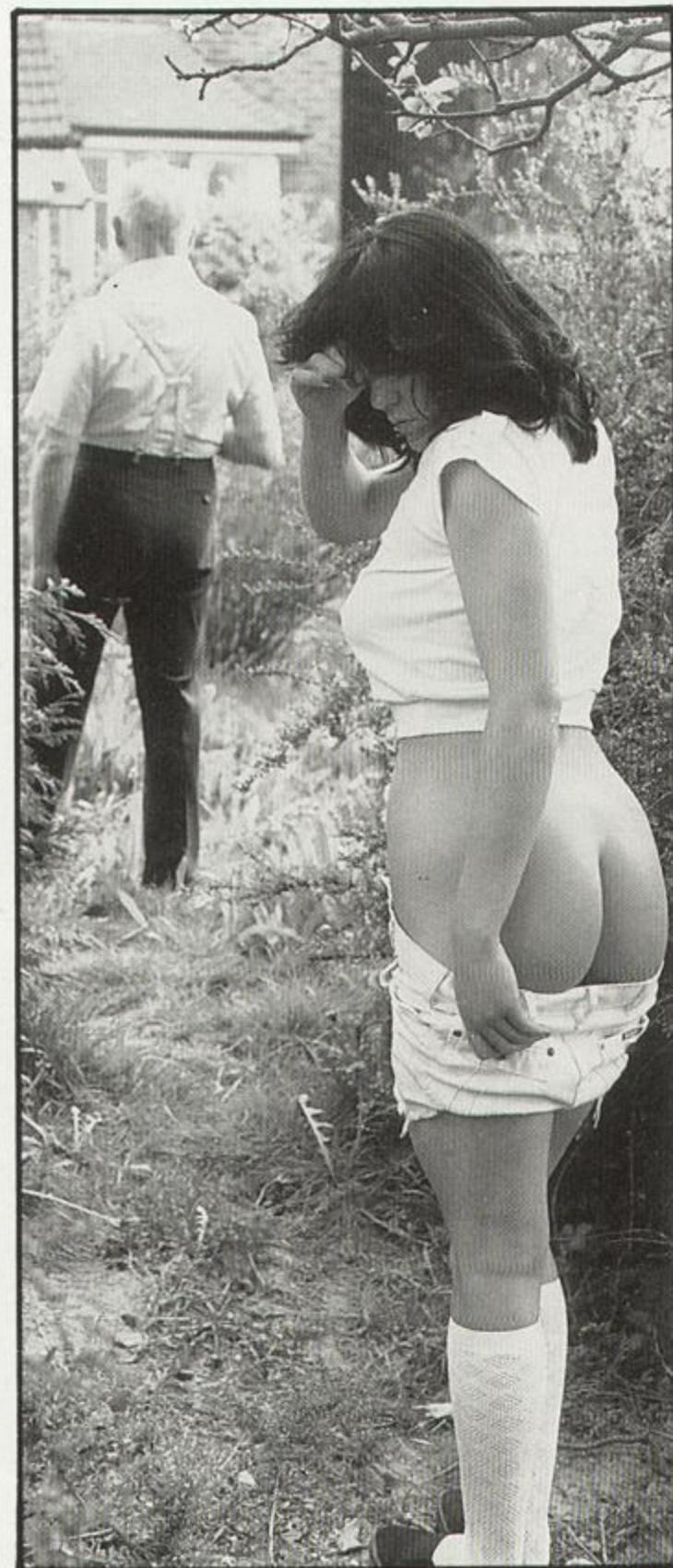
She watched his retreating back as he strode briskly away from her. Her shorts were back where they should be and she ruefully rubbed the cheeks that had experienced the second thrashing from his hands.

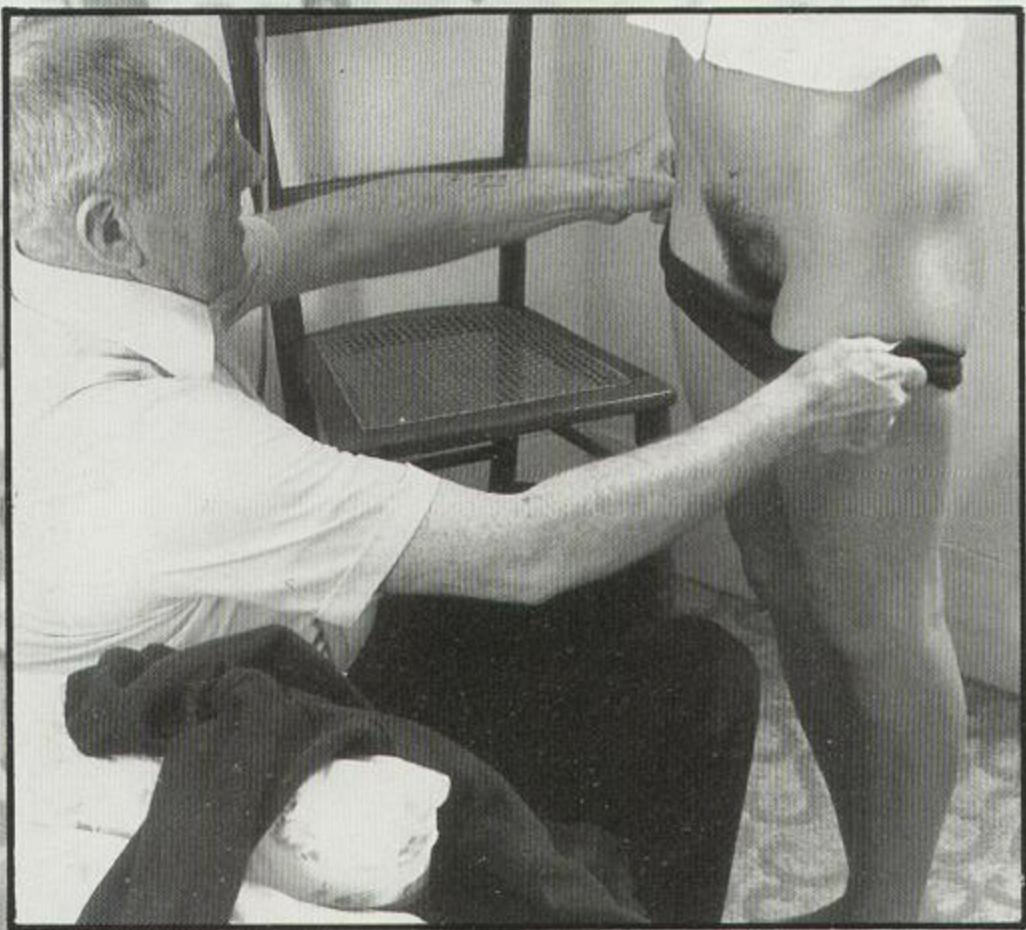
Clean and tender

She was startled when Mr Grace came into her room. She had heard his slow approaching footsteps as he climbed the stairs and sat on the end of her bed half fearful and yet half hopeful. Fearful lest he should call out to her and hopeful that he would not. She clutched the white vest to her body so that her shapely young breasts were hidden from prying eyes. She certainly had not expected him to simply walk in without at least knocking on the door. She could have protested but the events of the preceeding time since that morning when he had raised line upon line across her bared bottom, persuaded her to make no such protest. He could find enough excuses and reasons to thrash her bottom without her giving him any more. She was still in a quandry as to why she did not attempt to stop him once he came on as the strong man that he was; she seemed to lose her defence mechanism completely and her whole being reacted to being a passive, obedient young lady. Although she also wriggled and writhed when he was spanking her bottom, she still had not deliberately tried to jump out of the way, and she felt that this was because he would be able to thrash her even harder and more often.











'You cannot bath with that on,' he told her gruffly and snatched the vest from her to leave her delightful titties exposed once more.

She stood up reluctantly when he told her to, and her eyes never once left that thin swishy cane that had become a regular part of his habit to carry. She stood awkwardly before him her tight fitting knickers a precarious garment and the only one that she wore right now. Once again she discovered her cheeks flushing very red as he eased the knickers down her thighs so that he was able to see the fluffy hair thatch fully exposed before his very eyes. She knew he had seen it on several occasions now, and he also reminded her that what lay between her thighs would not be available for young men and dirty minded boys, but it still made her want to shrink away as his hands once again ran up and down her thighs inside and at the back so that the soft lips between her legs which he said would not be available was soon responding to warm dampness and tingling thrills. She felt that she should not be responding like this to Mr Grace, but she dare not utter one word or sound of complaint.

'Been doing this to yourself have you?' she nearly jumped when his fingers rudely went straight to the puffy lips of her sex.

'Nooo...oh noooo...' she gasped at the onslaught of her pussy.

'Are you telling me not to do this?' his barking commanding voice asked.

'No...no, I am not Mr Grace,' she hastily assured him.

She would dearly have loved to tell him to get his hands from her quim, but that was unthinkable right now. Especially as he had the cane resting on the bed next to him, and not only that, there was something rather nice about the thrills rippling through her.

She was standing now with her hands on her head and without realising it, she was pushing her pelvis towards his inspecting hands. Ann was very excited despite her display of reluctance.

'And are you telling me that you

FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY

Geoff and Phil were on holiday and were about to round off their week at the leisure complex with the very latest in leisure technology. The brochure had promised the experience of a lifetime, just like those seaside fun parks and travelling fairs of an earlier age. 'A Miracle in Cybernetics' the brochure enthused, 'designed and modelled for your enjoyment.'

Earlier in the week, over a pint or two in the bar, the lads had idled away the evening by completing the routine questionnaire. 'It's so we can programme the androids exactly to your requirements,' explained the Manager.

'Mark 'S' or 'M' in the box' directed the form, clarifying at the outset whether the lads wanted to 'give' or to 'receive'. They wrote down 'S' without hesitation. As they worked through the questions, line by line, they created their fantasy figures, females, aged in their twenties, long blonde hair for Geoff, shorty cheeky low-fringed brunette

for Phil. They decided height, vital statistics, eye colour, and lastly, costume. The brochure included a short-list to assist the less imaginative. Phil chose a schoolgirl, while Geoff decided to dress his blonde dreamgirl in a brief black bikini.

The week went quickly; there were plenty of activities to occupy them on the site, on the land, and in the water. Lying in bed at night, they did just wonder how realistic the androids would be. 'Probably a bit like those robots you see on the check-outs at supermarkets' thought Phil, hoping he would be pleasantly surprised.

At last, the final afternoon of their stay arrived. Intrigued and not a little excited, Geoff and Phil crossed the complex towards the Technology Centre, this time ignoring the usual gaming machines, heading instead for a smaller unmarked entrance on the side of the building, as directed by the tickets that had now been issued to them. Just inside the entrance was a turnstile. They inserted their tickets and moved inside.

The redcoat offered them a smiling reception, and checked their tickets. 'You've decided to go together, then. We're reserved Room Four for you. Please follow me.' They passed along further corridors and passageways until they reached an open foyer with an informal layout of armchairs and tables. 'Do pour yourself a drink from the bar, gentleman, and then sit down, please.' Geoff and Phil crossed to the bar and returned with a couple of cans of lager each.

'A few words of guidance, gentleman.' The redcoat referred to his printed notes. 'You will find the androids astonishingly life-like. They have been programme to respond to your punishments just like real human-beings, but of course they're just robots so you can't harm them. They will yell, and shout just like the real thing, but they are not programmed to converse with you. They will obey your orders, but they cannot reply. Inside the room, you will find a number of implements and items of furniture which you may use as you wish. Just one word of warning, though, and that is that the androids are programmed only to receive punishment. If you attempt anything else with them, the entire system will shut down.'

The lads were even more excited and intrigued than before, but nodded that they had understood the redcoat's instructions. 'Well, gentlemen. You've paid for a half hour session, so do go in and enjoy yourself. The system will switch off when your time is up.'

Geoff and Phil opened the door to Room Four and stepped inside. The room was bathed in a soft orange light, and draped in heavy luminous curtains along three sides. In the centre of the room was a table, two chairs, and a schooldesk, looking like something out of a museum. To their right, by the side of the door was an open cupboard, in which was stored and displayed the various instruments of correction.

Suddenly the orange light faded, and a stronger spotlight shone into the centre of the room, describing a glowing arc around the few items of furniture. The curtain on the opposite wall parted silently. There stood their dreamgirls. The two young men stood in amazement transfixed. In the shimmering light, the blonde girl looked fantastic. She was tall and slim, with fantastic breasts and the most delectable bottom covered by the tiniest of black bikinis. Her flowing blonde hair reached half way down her back, and she looked so...so sweet and innocent. While Geoff stood entranced by his blonde vision, Geoff was sizing up his girl. He could see the very cheekiest of girls, in a crisp white bloude and mid-blue skirt, so short it barely covered her thighs. She was wearing little white socks and



sensible black shoes with a buckle, and sweet brown eyes stared at him under a low fringe of dark brown hair.

'Hell! What do we do next?' Phil sought his friend's advice. 'Let's get them over here,' suggested Geoff, without moving his eyes from his girl. 'C...come here...please,' said Phil, very weakly. The two dreamgirls responded immediately. They walked gently into the centre of the room, and stood, smiling at the lads.

A thousand erotic scenes flickered through Phil's mind. He pointed to the old Victorian-style desk. 'Bend over.' This time he sounded a little more assured. The delectable girl obeyed immediately, walked to the desk, and bent over, hoisting her skirt clear of her bottom. Phil attempted to stifle a gasp, but couldn't. Beneath the skirt, little blue knickers covered the most curvy, gorgeous smackable bottom he had ever dreamt of.

Geoff had found a cane on the shelf by the wall. 'Give it here. She's mine,' demanded his friend. For the first time in his life, Phil took hold of a real live bendy cane, and walked towards the girl. He tapped it lightly across the girl's knickered bottom. She made no attempt to resist. 'My God, she looks so...so real,' breathed Phil. 'Well give her what you came for them,' suggested his friend. 'We've only got half an hour.' Phil had forgotten the time. 'Christ, yes. I can't afford to have another session.' He raised the cane above his shoulder, and brought it down quite gently across the centre of the girl's bottom. It made a satisfying noise on impact, but the girl remained silent. 'Give it a bit of welly, mate', urged Geoff. Phil obliged, and whipped the cane down for a second time, this time with considerable force. The girl gave a yell, and wriggled her bottom in response.

Phil began to lose his reticence. 'We'll have these down for a start,' he muttered, partly to himself, as he pulled the girl's knickers down, revealing a really life-like bottom. 'This is fantastic, Geoff.' He gripped the cane once again. 'No. Let's get this absolutely right.' He returned to those knickers, lying inside out just beneath the lower curves of the girl's bottom. He eased them down, past her knees, and stooped to lift them away from her ankles.

The girl even obliged by lifting up each dainty foot in turn. Phil reached out an uncertain hand and gently stroked her gorgeous bottom. 'It feels so real, Geoff. It's warm.' He explored a little further, his fingers moving into more intimate regions. 'Every wisp of hair' he thought. 'It's fantastic.' Then, remembering the redcoat's re-assuring words, he acted out the dream of his life. 'You can't damage them' the redcoat had said. 'They've been programmed to respond.' Geoff swung the cane through the air and whipped it hard across the upturned bottom cheeks. The girl gasped and danced a little dance, first on one foot and then the left. Once again he brought the whippy cane descending through the air to cut across those delightful feminine curves. This time the girl screamed.

Phil had remained rooted to the spot. 'Hey. Don't forget your blonde!' Geoff shouted to him. 'Christ no,' responded his mate. He stood in front of his bikinied blonde, and looked deep into her eyes. He too marvelled at the workmanship. 'So real' he whispered. 'I could almost...' He turned her round. She responded so willingly. Quickly he undid her bra and lifted it away from her firm full breasts. He noticed they were pale compared to her suntanned arms and legs. Geoff's girl was sobbing now, and continuing to yell after every stroke of the cane. He was really laying it on. Phil led his blonde across to the chair, sat down and pulled her across his knee. She felt delicious, so warm, so...so human, lying there across his knee, her gentle firm weight pressing down upon him.

He pulled her bikini pants down. How he had dreamed of this moment! How he had dreamed of this long tall blonde, draped across his knee, with her little pants coming down, down, down! He stroked her bare little bottom, and enjoyed the sight of the pale triangle of skin beneath the protection of her bikini. 'Fantastic,' he thought. 'They've thought of everything.' And then he smacked her. Lightly at first, enjoying the soft resilience of the bottom before him, and then harder, watching the wobbling buttocks turn from pale peach to pink and then to a deeper crimson. He smacked hard, and long, and then the girl began to cry, sobbing quietly, dropping real tears against his trouser leg.

'Let's swap,' suggested Geoff, his arm aching from the first caning he had ever administered. Phil agreed. The blonde, now completely naked, was bent across the tall desk, her reddened buttocks offered up to Geoff's quivering cane. There were tears in her eyes. They looked very real. Phil stripped the other girl, turning her towards him to remove her skirt and blouse, and away from him so that he could reach her bra-strap. Finally, he peeled down those knickers that Geoff had replaced, revealing that cane-marked girlish bottom. Phil sat down, once again, and smacked that delightful bottom, enjoying each and every slap.

All too soon, a warbling alarm signalled the end of the session. The door had opened, and the redcoat was waiting for them. As the two friends gave one last glance backwards into the room, they saw their dreamgirls returning into the misty obscurity at the far end of the room. 'My God! Sign me in for next year!' joked Phil. 'Next week' suggested Geoff. In a state of arousal neither lads had often experienced, they left the complex and headed for home. Geoff shook his head. 'You wouldn't think it possible,' he commented. 'They looked so real.'

* * *

In a private and luxuriously-appointed chalet, Anna and Jenny were trying to relax. Jenny was having a shower. 'I'll be out of commission for a week,' she muttered. 'Look at the marks.' Her friend laughed. 'You always mark easily. In the end it's to your advantage. Once men see the marks, they go easy on you.' 'Well it didn't bloody feel like it just now! That tall guy was really laying it on.'

Anna was counting out a bundle of notes. 'It's easy money though, isn't it? Just pretend you're a robot in the presence of a couple of clowns, for a few minutes, and come away with this.'

The girls agreed. 'I nearly said some very un-cybernetic things to that big one,' joked Jenny.

That night, Geoff and Phil were home, and spent the evening hours alone with their memories. Anna and Jenny were together doing things that no robot would ever dream of doing.

ENTER THE FARMER

There was no discernable sound from inside the tent. Mason walked quietly round to the opposite end of the small canvas structure and lifted back the flap with the end of his cane. Sally was lying face-down on top of her sleeping bag, her t-shirt rucked up a few inches above her waist, displaying her firm round bottom and strong healthy thighs. Her friend was naked, also lying above her sleeping bag. Both girls were asleep.

Mason watched in silence. They were good looking, both girls; and certainly not little schoolgirls. His eyes scanned Susan's bare body. Very late teens, or perhaps early twenties, was his judgement. Susan's breasts looked firm and prominent, with little dark pink nipples standing firmly upright, moving gently as she breathed. He turned his attention to the second girl, wondering if her breasts were so delectable. Her bottom was full, round, firm, the sort of bottom that could take a caning. His fingers tightened around the thin bamboo cane. Deep down between the girl's firm thighs he could make out the hint of dark wisps of hair. Occasionally, she moved as she slept, her legs parting just a little, offering him a glance — just a hint — at hidden secrets.

Quietly, quickly, he walked around the little tent, lifting out the flimsy tent-pegs, collecting them in his hands, until just the two main guys were holding the structure upright. Placing his cane in a safe lodging against the nearest tree-trunk, he leant across the whole ridge and lifted it in his arms, depositing the canvas on the grass a few yards away. Only the two girls remained, still sleeping, on their sleeping bags above their groundsheet, oblivious of the fact that their shelter had been taken from them.

Sally woke first. She sat up, rubbing the sleep from her eyes. She stared round, unable to focus clearly. 'Jesus. What's happened to our tent?' She tapped her naked friend's arm. 'Susan. The tent's gone...' Her friend reluctantly stirred into hazy life.

She rolled over, shook her head, ran her fingers through her hair, and eventually lifted herself up to a sitting position. Suddenly, at almost the same instance, both Sally and Susan saw their farmer.

'Good morning, ladies.' The man spoke quietly; and he had an educated sort of accent; not the rural farmer. The two girls, still fighting to retain their consciousness, failed to find any coherent reply. The man's shrewd eyes were still scanning their meagre belongings. He stepped forward and picked up a leather wallet. The contents provoked him to smile. 'So you work for Nature Conservancy?' He laughed. 'My! Won't they be interested in how you treat your sacred countryside!' The thought actually angered him. Too often he had been on the receiving end of unjust criticism from the conservationists, who claimed he was despoiling the countryside. 'They will be interested to hear what their staff get up to!'

Sally and Susan were still feeling pretty groggy, but the farmer's words sunk in. Sally nursed her head in her hands. 'Oh my God. That's what we said last night, isn't it.' She remembered their flippant sexy intimate talk of the previous evening. 'The farmer would have to be able to hold some other threat over the girls...' The farmer was still talking. 'Well. You're not idiots. You know all about countryside matters. What shall we do about it? Sort it out here and now, or take it back to your boss?' Both girls knew the answer. They had voluntarily rehearsed it in their conversations of the previous evening. 'Alright,' said Susan, very quietly. 'Now.'

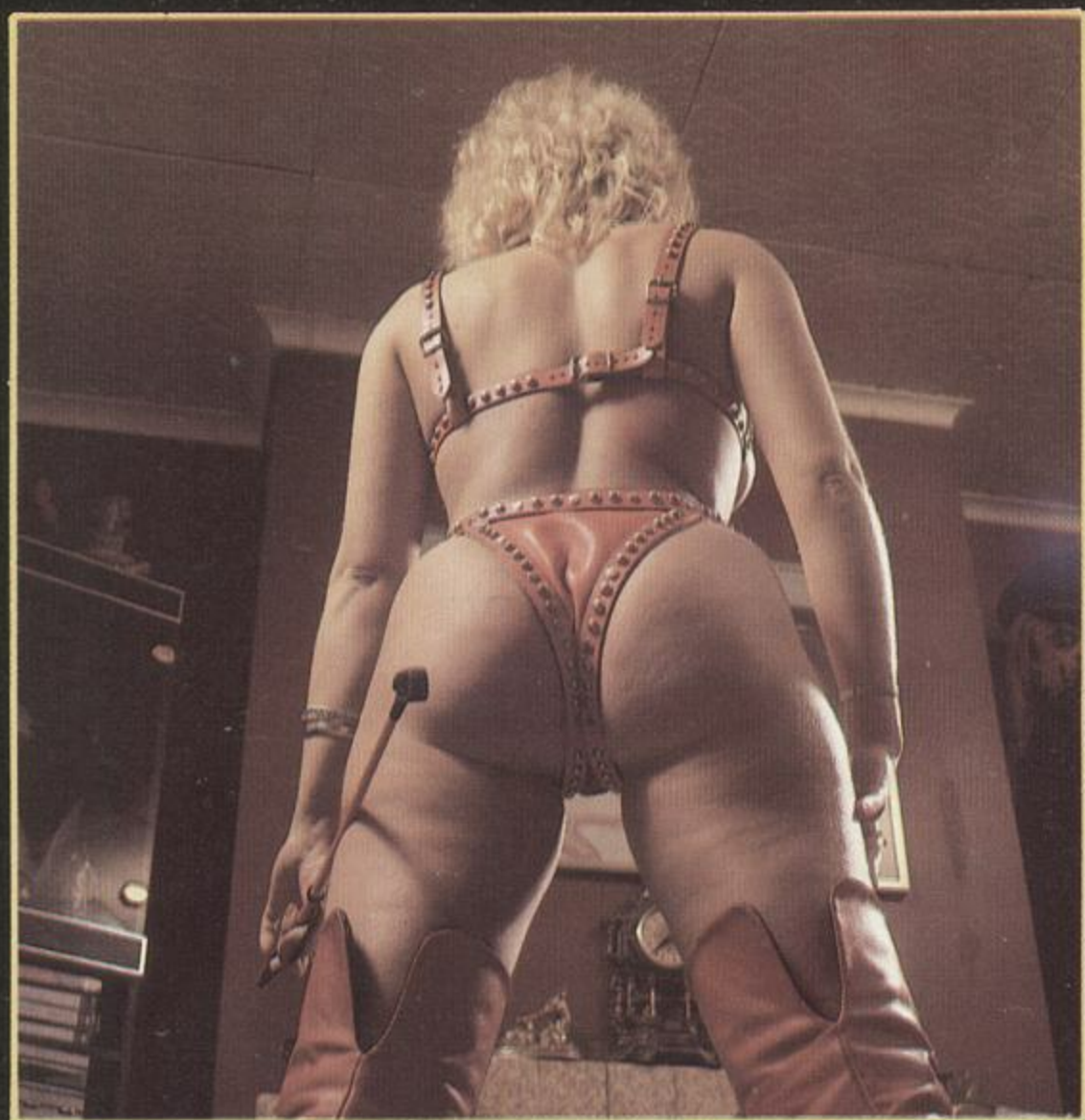
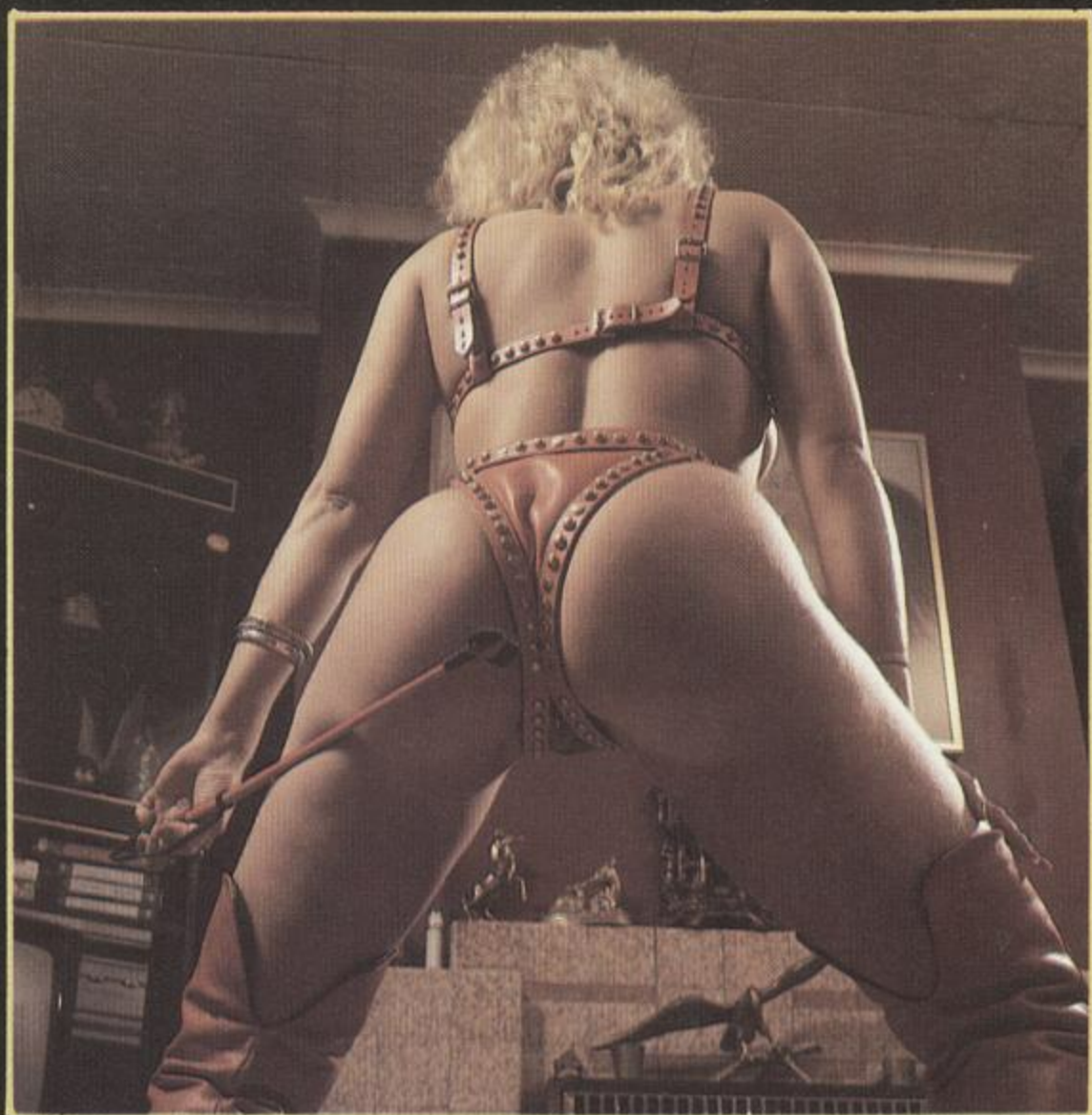
Mason was a man of few words. He strode across to the

diminutive groundsheet and lifted young Sally to her feet. He lifted her up, one arm around her middle, the other placed right between her bottom cheeks, and Sally was propelled across the grass towards the clump of trees. The man sat down on one of several tree-stumps, and pushed the girl face-down across his knees. The big round bottom which had enticed him so, when he had first peered inside their tent, now lay, just a few inches from the palm of his hand. It was pale, and smooth and unblemished. He grasped her loose t-shirt, hitching it well up over her very shapely smooth back. And holding her firmly in a tight arc across his lap he began to smack her, feeling the firm resilience of her bottom flesh, waiting to feel her body as it began to respond to each impact of his large hand. Sally remembered her thoughts of the previous evening and felt a renewed blush creep across her body. She clamped her feet together, determined to rescue the merest dignity from the situation. But her half-naked body jerked forward as the man's palm continued to slap her upturned rump. Her poor bottom was stinging, really stinging; and she was yelling now, quite involuntarily, and her legs were kicking against the morning air, waving around, revealing everything she had shown her intimate friend, a few hours ago.

Young Susan thought about escape. She looked around her, and then realised again that she was naked; kneeling, helplessly, on the groundsheet, minus every stitch of her clothes, with this big angry man tanning her friend's backside. She watched, stunned, as her friend wriggled across the farmer's knee. Susan knew that she would be over his lap next, her bottom stuck right up in the air, being soundly slapped.

Sally was ordered to stand up, her hands on her head, facing away towards the distant hillsides. She was sobbing quietly, her bare bottom burning a bright crimson in the soft morning sunshine; and then it was Susan's turn. Her bare feet hardly touching the ground, she found herself being half-lifted, half-propelled across the grass towards the tree-stump; and then she was over his knee, her face just inches from the ground, knowing how bare and how vulnerable a girl could be. Farmer Mason tanned her very soundly as she wept and yelled and kicked and wriggled. He enjoyed the smooth slightly flabby wobble of her bottom and the little girlish squeaks that spoke to him of a naughty child being disciplined; properly disciplined, like naughty children everywhere should be dealt with. Afterwards, her backside stinging frightfully, Susan too was told to stand, with her hands on her head. The man stood up, smiling to himself, enjoying the spectacle of, not one, but two nubile young miscreants, side-by-side, their bottoms well ablaze. And just his hand had caused such bright crimson colours across their cheeks! He stooped to retrieve his cane, and smiled again. Those two girls were still sobbing; they thought they'd been firmly dealt with! Farmer Mason wondered what their bottoms would be feeling like after a dose of the cane. He tried to resist the temptation to flex it, feeling the strength within its whippy springy fibres. Such a cane could really sting a girl's bare bottom.

Susan sniffed, and glanced sideways towards her friend. 'Are you alright?' she whispered. Sally nodded, very gently. Both girls sensed that the man was looking at them, approaching them across the dew-wet ground. Susan again remembered the fantasies of the previous night. 'I...I'd make them touch their toes, before I tanned them...' Sally remembered too. '...You'd have to give them something to remember, wouldn't you?' And both girls remembered in silence how they had thought of bendy canes being applied to soft vulnerable upturned female bottoms...



Dear Sir/Madam,

I wish to request if it would be possible to feature the spanking of the girls, showing more over the knee spankings with the girls knickers ON. You show good over the knee spankings, but always the knickers are down.

So please let's have more spankings with the girl over the knee, skirt lifted up and a good long spanking ON knickers. They can be taken down later...

Miss D., Fulham

Dear Editor,

I bet that many of your readers will have had 'I.E' and surely that is the name of the game with New Supplement 28 and Blushes 41.

The analogue of new models and ones we have been privileged to see before is a sure fire winner for your continued success. Just to have a rehash of previous numbers as indulged in by your competitors under titles of 'The Best of Mr O' and the 'Best of Mr' can be a real turn-off and probably a bit of a con. But to see previous unexploited studies of models who have pleased us before is in my opinion entirely ethical.

For example we may have seen shots of Sharon (Blushes pages 5-11) in previous numbers but we have certainly not been able to lurch on her in her mini skirt (page 5) or as on page 52.

Similarly we get our page 37 a very fresh view of Sharon's delectable bum. If we have seen Miss Cameron before she gives a very refreshing view of herself in 'Getting the Right Results' pages 42-47.

Please let us see many more of your previous models, albeit in a new situation.

I for one would like to sponsor the following models for a re-run.

Melanie Simmons — Teen Queen, Blushes 26

Mavis Birdley - A Top Model, Blushes 31

Babs — It's Tough at the Top,

Uniform Girls 12

Diane — Oh Mr Porter, Blushes

Moir — Hints for Young Ladies, Blushes 29

Do any of your other readers agree with me?

P.C., West Sussex

Dear Sir,

I was not surprised to read the letter in Blushes asking for a narrative of events as experienced by the woman in a punishment situation.

I have been surprised though, that this report has not manifested itself before now, and I can foresee a whole new concept of correspondence developing whereby unfortunate women who have had to submit to the disciplinary domestic scene. I think the ideas and actual application of punishment in the home is zoned. I am sure that the North of England and some areas of Scotland are paramount areas where the strap and cane are used with frequent consistency.

I am a nurse. That should start some interest in your readership because, sadly, it seems, the idea of a nurse getting a strapping seems to have a lot of appeal. I suppose it is because her very occupation suggests a rigid life of discipline, and yet on the other hand, a nurse making a mistake involving humanity and therefore a physical punishment is a must to counter the whole balance of wrong and right.

I make no excuses whatsoever for the problem that caused me to be hauled before my tutor doctor. He was of South African origin, white skin, mind you, extremely good looking and all six feet three inches of him was MAN. I mean a real MAN, and he was the first and only man who could get me to feel as though I was wetting my knickers just to be near him. When I was assigned to his team for surgery training, I had no idea what to expect from him because I had never met him before. That morning, all crisp and pristine, I reported to his Surgical Ward. I saw his back first and then he turned round to face me. I really did have to clasp the tops of my thighs tightly together as a jolt of pure

sexuality filled my core.

I think he looked straight through me because he was a really good doctor and attractive nurses meant nothing to him at all. His skill soon showed just what a marvellous physician he was to become. I went into a state of sheer adoration over him and it was more than a crush and certainly more than infatuation. I think besotted would be nearer an explanation of how my body and soul became as far as David was concerned. I felt that I could have walked stark naked through the ward and he would not have noticed me. He would certainly have had something to say but I don't think he would have noticed me.

I hated every other female that smiled at him, I hated every other woman that even stood near him, patients, nurses and other doctors alike. I saw them all as potential feline vixens after his body. It was truly awful the way I was letting myself get wound up about him. If he smiled at me, I would have that same reaction of wanting to press the tops of my thighs tightly together in case I wee'd on the spot. He truly was able to turn me on as easily as that. If he had snapped his fingers I would have done anything to please him.

Thank God for that first spell of night duty. One of our special patients, a lovely old lady was very low and David had left instructions that if her condition deteriorated, then he wanted to know...immediately, no matter what time it was.

I kept a very special eye on that one almost, and this to my shame, hoping that she would give me a chance to call him in. Three and four o'clock in the nocturnal hours are the worst for any patient and it was between these hours, that she started going downhill very fast. I was soon through to him, and that same sensation of real pleasure speared through me as soon as he came through the door. He speedily did what he had to and then came into the room which I alone had as a night duty senior nurse and drank some coffee with me. I was just simply overjoyed to be with him. He spoke openly and freely for the first time then. He spoke about his work in a South African hospital and I think I led the conversation round to something that bordered,

but only just, on sexual matters.

'You must have a boyfriend,' he smiled.

I could have fallen on my knees there and then just to be in a 'friendly' situation with the adorable David.

I assured him that I certainly had no boyfriend and then craftily told him that the man I worshipped was not even aware of me. He sympathised and told me that, I was a very attractive young lady and that I ought to let the lucky guy know that I was head over heels about him.

When he went back into the ward, the old girl was more comfortable and he told me that he was grateful that I had called him. Then he gave me a peck on the face. To me it was electra and I could not believe my luck because as he pecked me, he actually patted, very lightly, my bottom.

'Mmmm, that was nice,' I moaned as I blushed furiously.

'Then I shall kiss you properly next time,' he grinned beautifully.

'Any time, David,' I moaned. 'And the smacking too,' I prompted. He gave me a curious sort of look and smiled broadly.

'Into spanking are you?' his lovely blue eyes were serious.

'With you I would be,' I breathed the words as though I was afraid I was dreaming and that if I raised my voice I would wake myself up.

Then, as though in answer to my heart felt prayer, he kissed me fully on the mouth. Delicious sensations flooded me and I felt my sex responding in a very hot reaction. His lovely, clever hands stroked all over my uniform where it covered my bottom and I wriggled it lightly to let him know I was delighted with what he was doing.

'Pity you are not a naughty girl, Angel,' he grinned.

'Oh, but I am, very naughty,' I moaned as sheer joy filled every part of my being.

'So what do you think I ought to do to this naughty girl?' he was still

smiling and his face was inches from mine.

'I think you ought to punish my bum. Spank me. Strap me...oh David, I'll do anything for you,' I broke down completely as I held him very tightly to me.

'And you think a spanking is what you deserve?'

'Yes, because I should have told you sooner that YOU are the man I have this craving for and that I can only be happy if you would be very demanding, very bossy with me,' I choked.

He was feeling my bottom now and I hated the uniform for being in the way of his hands being able to actually hold the skin itself.

'Should I make you take everything off,' he teased the sense of urgent hunger inside my very soul.

'Yes. Yes. Yes.' I gasped happily at such a thought...

'And then what?' he was good at teasing me into a full state of submission.

'Whatever you like. Smack my naughty bottom for me. David, I'd dearly love to prove to you that nothing would be too much for me to do for you. Surely we deserve a break with each other. I want you to understand that it would only be good for me if you were making me do all sorts of things to please you. I want to feel powerless to stop you; I really do want to be your very special puppet,' I used the only phrase that I could dream up. But I meant them! And the first seed had been planted that was to transform me into a real submissive personification of very real obedience.

It was a whole week before we could enact out the charade that I so desperately ached to enact for him.

It was in his own apartment that I eventually stripped down in front of the watchful David and then I was in his bedroom. It was me who was begging him to make me behave the way I had assured him I would that fateful night. He seemed incredulous at first but whether he thought I meant it or not, he still managed to produce a crooked

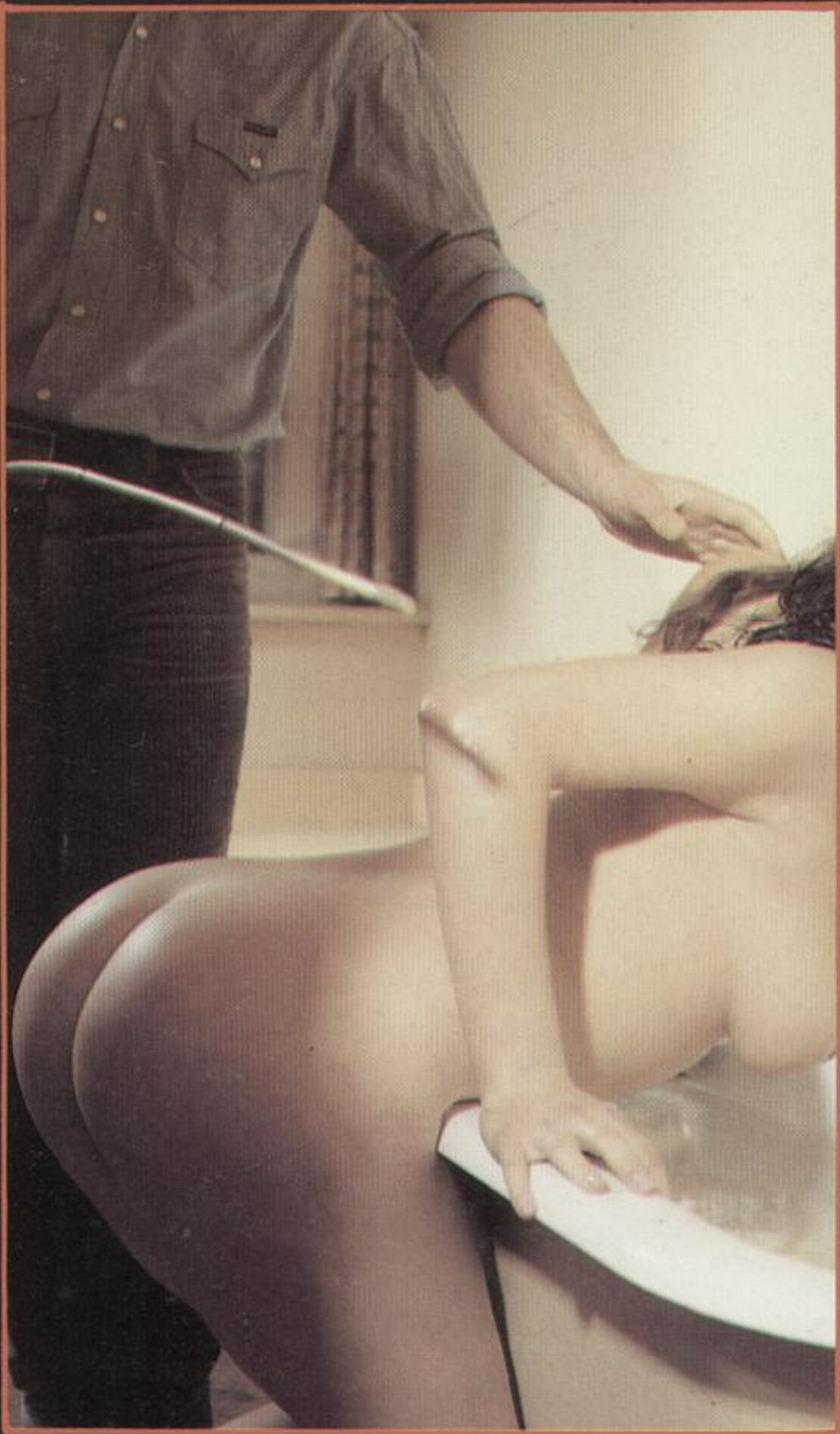
handled cane!

I lay on that double sized bed, bottom uppermost and my tummy placed on two cushions. Purposefully I gripped the corners of the bed at my head and I was determined to stay like that no matter what. I heard that very first swish and then felt the biting sting hit my upraised bottom. I had already ensured that it was exaggerated in its pose of being very round by dipping the hollow of my back, but that thwack across my arse made me jump. I took six reasonably hard strokes and thanked him after each one, and then had to ask for the next stroke. Then he had me in the position that he liked best. On my back, my ankles fully stretched and placed each side of my head. Further havoc was wreaked across my bum and I let him know that I was grateful for every stinging pain that he was placing on the uncovered cheeks of my wriggling bottom.

Of course we made super loving after that and all the time I was beseeching him never to cease striping my bum and I told him that I would be grateful if he would always ensure that my bottom bore the marks of his mastery over me. He does not always use a cane and I even enjoy it when he makes me go over his knees for a real old fashioned spanking. He has strong hands and he is able to turn me into a real writhing nymphet once he starts smacking my bottom. As far as I am concerned, it is all a premature feature of our love making and for my part he could continue spanking all night long. He does not beat the living daylights out of my bottom but he certainly manages to generate a heat that mingles the emotions of real delightful pleasure to a turned heat of sensational passion.

Diane T., Leeds

Editor: *We had an idea that once we started to ask for readers' wives and girlfriends to write in that the above letter would be the sort of thing we would receive. We hope that those many readers who asked for the lady's side of the procedure to be written are happy with the result of their requests. We are. And thank you Diane for your narrative. Any other of our ladies care to put pen to paper? It doesn't have to be a masochistic flavour; whatever pleases you.*





have not done what all girls do to yourself?' he repeated the question.

'Only a few times,' she moaned in a renewed state of confusion.

'When was the last time?'

'I...I can't remember,' she lied blatantly.

'Into the bathroom,' he gave her rounded bottom a few spanks as she hastily moved forward away from him.

He watched her as she bent over to prepare the bath. The rounded cheeks looked even more provocative as she pressed the plug into the plug hole and that spot that he had deliberately excited was easily revealed each time she bent over.

She was kneeling beside the bath now swishing the water round with her hand to get the bath oils to mix, her tummy pressed on the smooth edge and then she felt a hot flame spread out over her bottom. It had been unexpected and this caused her body to go into many different states of thrusting and wriggling.

'Aaaggg...' her mouth responded as the sheer blistering heat of the leather soled slipper made it's mark on her right nate.

'Stay still,' he snapped.

'I can't, I can't,' she wailed helplessly.

'You can...' Swipe, 'You must...' swipe 'And believe me you will,' swipe, swipe, swipe.

Splatt, splatt, splatt.

'Yeeooo...no....' her voice raised louder and louder, as her body tried harder and harder to wriggle away from the descending slipper as the sole struck each cheek of her rounded bottom in alternative spanks.

'Now, young lady, stand up,' he barked.

Snivelling the copious tears that cascaded down her face, she stood up and he directed her into the warm water of the bath.

'Face the wall.'





Slowly, Ann, still eyeing that dreadful slipper turned her back to him and he was able to see the full red moons of her bottom.

He soon had her with her hands running up the wall above her head and she was again told to thrust the area for punishment right back. She seemed to have been attuned by now to instant and immediate response, because there appeared to be no hesitation when she did

exactly as he had demanded her to do. The shapely cheeks, perfectly now, eased into the more pronounced posture of being pushed well into curvy rotundness. Her nipples brushed the tiled wall and the coldness seemed to inflate them even more so that the small pinky nipples grew in torrid reaction to the caressing against the tiles. Her titties were taut too with the upward thrust of her hands high above her head.

Another half dozen smacks from the leather soled slipped had her forgetting the torrid state of her breasts and she once again writhed the stinging nates from side to side and even went into a rapid backwards and forwards movement with her hips as if she could not make up her mind whether she wanted to wriggle from side to side or to thrust them in a piston like dance to ease the stinging fire now spreading rapidly all over the





backside area itself.

She was pleased to adopt the kneeling posture in the water itself but this pleasure was short lived because even that had her bottom perfectly rounded for a further dose of the slipper. She was oblig-

ed to dip the hollow of her back and this in turn did wonders to the rounded thrust of her blazing bum.

'Owwweee..' she gasped in added pain and even surprise because instead of slipping her again, his hand took up the caressing strokes





round and round the cheeks so that he was able to gauge the heat now pulsating out from her hot rear end. She found herself once again, unable as ever, to prevent her body from easing back further and further as though welcoming the handling of her bottom. The nates separated and so did her knees. She was physically showing him that she was enjoying the touch of his hand especially when it stroked near the warmer slot of her puffy lips which she could not help but expose to him by the full backward thrust of her bottom.

'Mmmm...ohhh...yess...' she slowly let the mewling sounds emit from her mouth.

The inviting sight that she was showing off to him was too good to refuse, so Grace slipped his hand between her thighs and started to finger the full peach of her sex.

'Aaaaa...ohhhh...please...yes, yes,' she just could not help herself from moaning in pure passion heat when his thick finger slipped all the way into the tight sucking tube of her orifice.

'You do remember doing this to yourself, don't you?'

'Yes...yes, I do. Not inside though,' she choked helplessly.

'You played with yourself recently didn't you?'

'Yes Mr Grace,' she responded way out of her depth now and her whole mind had been transported to the high state of erotica.

'When did you last play with yourself?'

'Three nights ago, she admitted shamefully.

'And when before that?'

'Last week,' she choked as she felt the resulting heat of her sex slowly increasing in temperature.

'And you do it often don't you?'

'Yes, yes, yes. But I never feel as nice as I do now,' she was virtually pleading with him not to stop.

'Now admit that you have been a naughty young lady.'



'I have. I'm sorry I have been so naughty,' she choked.

'And you also know what must happen to naughty young ladies don't you?' he added a further nail into the coffin of her dignity and modesty.

'Yes, Mr Grace...they must be punished...on their naughty bottoms,' she choked as the sensations in her quim grew to that undescribably beautiful pitch.

'So what must happen to you?' he finally got her to admit it.

'I must be punished on my naughty bottom,' she groaned.

He was delighted with the manner in which she had admitted her naughtiness, and also the correcting method which she would accept. The slipper made her howl and she wanted to be able to keep still but it was impossible. Bending, standing, kneeling, she took the leathering and only yelled with the burning sensation of pain. All the time, the heat seemed to travel from the spot from where the slipper landed and then generated





towards the lips of her sex...it was all a crazy mix up of passion, pain and pleasure and her heightened erotic reaction had her thrusting back more times than she was trying to move away from the descending slipper. The bathing scene was something else again, because as she stood there sobbing lightly in the aftermath of her tanning, he did not trust her to clean herself properly and decided to assist this important hygienic act. He used no clothes though and his hands diligently applied themselves to ensuring the thorough cleanliness of the whole of her anatomy. He used the shower head to rinse the suds from her torso and when she had dried, talcum powdered and cosmetically arranged herself for the night, he insisted on feeling her to ensure that she was properly dried.

After cocoa and biscuits, she was back in the bedroom where it all started. He had deliberately left the cane there and now she was once more eying the thin whippy stick. Her bottom was throbbing still although she had to admit that the burning sting that was always an immediate aftermath of being punished on the bum, had subsided now and it was indeed only a throbbing ache.

'Are you going to cane me again?' her eyes widened as she saw him pick up the stick.

'Most certainly, we are not going to resort to half measures,' he told her as she stood before him.

She was undressed, except for her vest, as she placed herself on the edge of the bed and recollected that this was where it all started.

'Thrust,' he told her.

Her immediate reaction again reminded him of her new adopted role and how she was prepared to adapt to it.

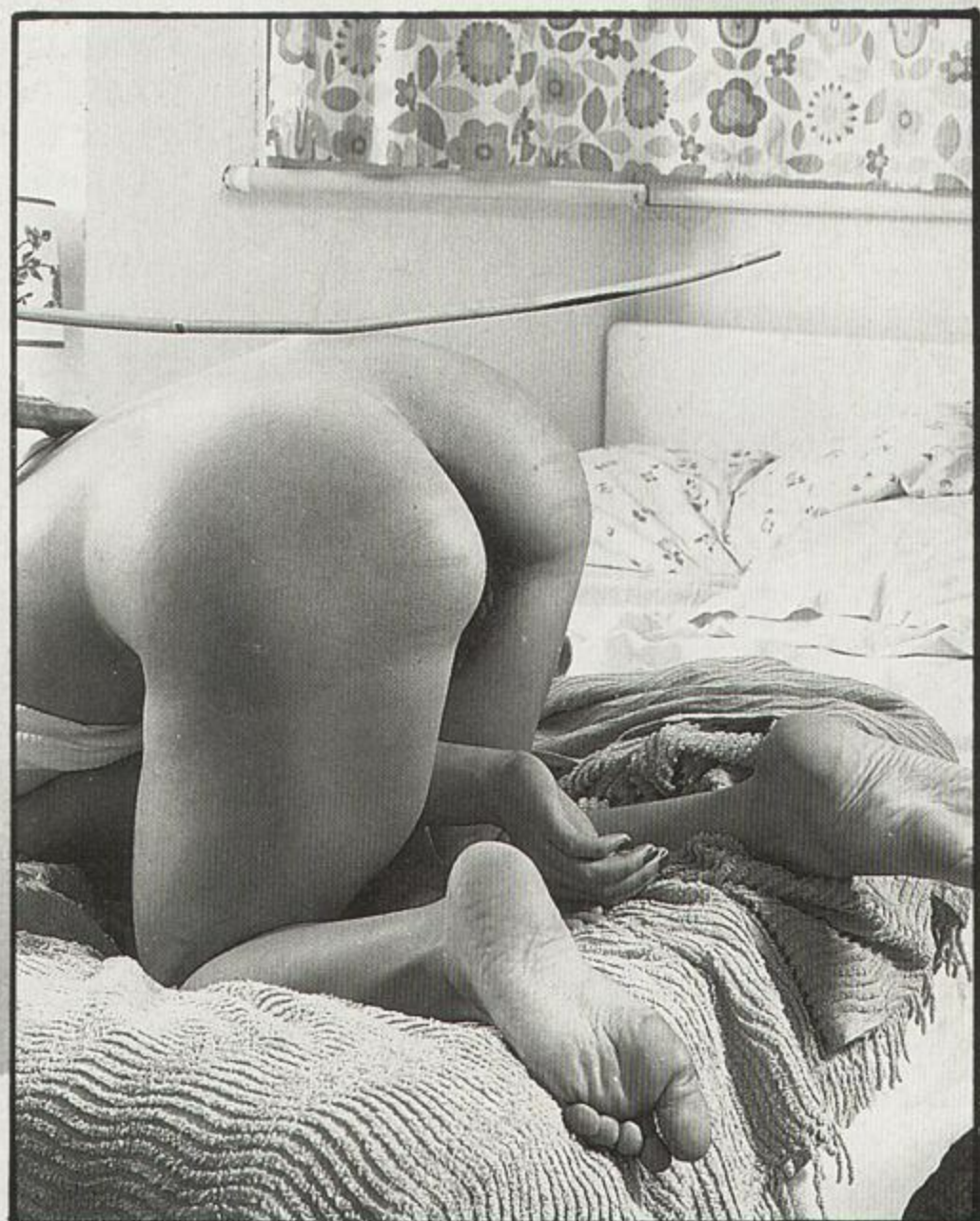
The bare cheeks pushed up, and they were still showing the red blotched marks of her bathroom discipline. Her hands gripped the bedclothes.

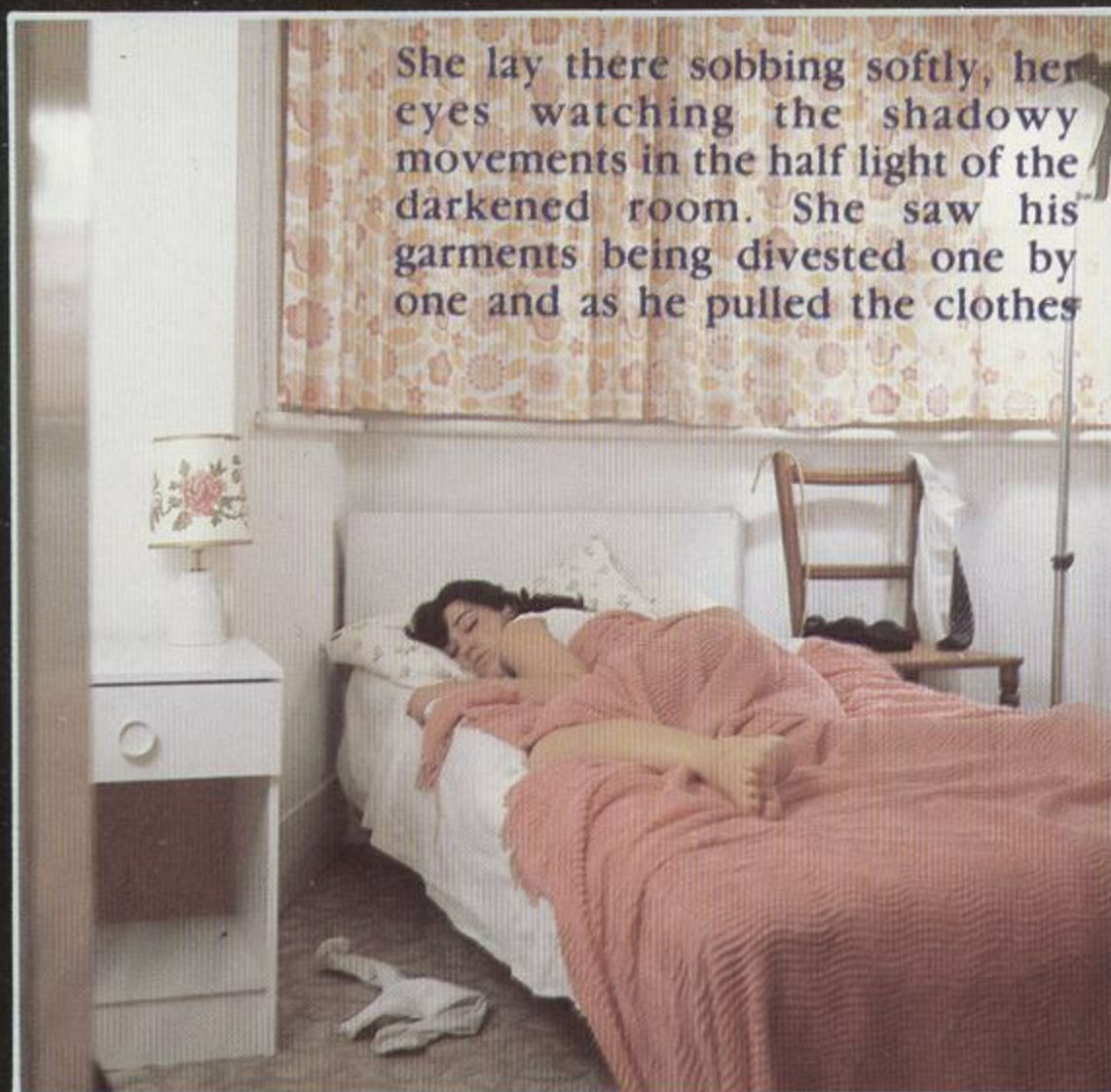
Swiiissh...thwack...a low muffled sound came from the point where her mouth was thrust into the bedclothes.

Again and again that now familiar sound of thin wood racing through space to end with a distinct sound of smooth rounded fleshy cheeks receiving that cane, and the final muffled noise of the body reacting to the pain filling bottom. Grace's eyes bore witness to how twin up-thrust cheeks were able to wriggle most attractively and also give him the full exposed view of the delightful soft lips that lay between her thighs and immediately beneath the wriggling nates themselves.

She was once again on her back, her legs thrust high into the air...and with him holding the ankles, he was able to direct that they stayed there as his hand brought the cane down to me and time again onto the thrusting area of her lower bottom cheeks just where the crease expresses the point where the nates join the thighs...







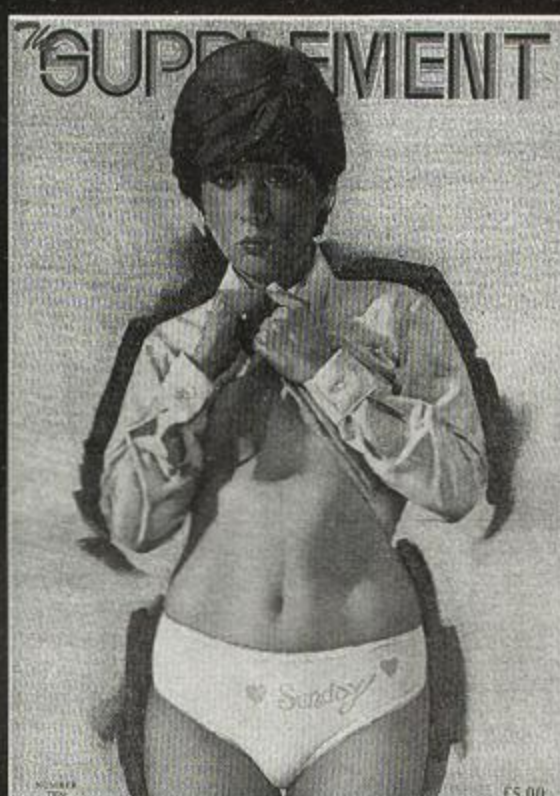


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